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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Governor Glynn of New York

By C. P. CONNOLLY

The Fugitive and His Judas

By MARIANNE GAUSS

The Baseball Mascot

By W. KEE MAXWELL



Mile-a-Minute Delivery by Air Boat

HAMS SENT OUT BY THE AIRBOAT

SWIFT COMPANY IN LEAD AS USUAL.

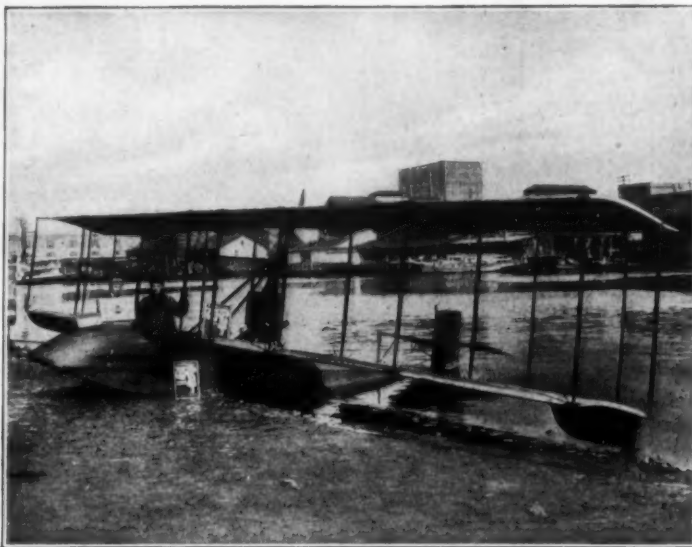
Sent Shipment to Hefner Grocery Co., St. Petersburg, Via Benoist, This Morning.

A telegram received by Swift & Co., this morning dated St. Petersburg, January 12, 8:52 a. m., is as follows: "Ship via first Benoist Airboat Express, one case each Swift's Premium hams and bacon, five cases hams to follow on evening boat, signed Hefner Grocery Co."

The airboat express arrived at 10:55 and sailed at 11:02, reached St. Petersburg at 11:22 and delivered the shipment of Swift Premium products at 11:25.

This is undoubtedly the first shipment of packing house products that has ever been shipped by airship, and it is decidedly appropriate that the first should have been Swift's Premium products, thereby retaining their lead in this as they do in every other way. Local manager, R. H. Smith personally attended to this shipment so that there would be no chance of a slip. This air express does not wait on anyone, and hardly on time.

Clipping from The Tampa Daily Times Tampa, Fla.



Benoist Air Boat Express at landing in Tampa loading up for trip to St. Petersburg

GETS SUPPLIES BY THE AIRBOAT

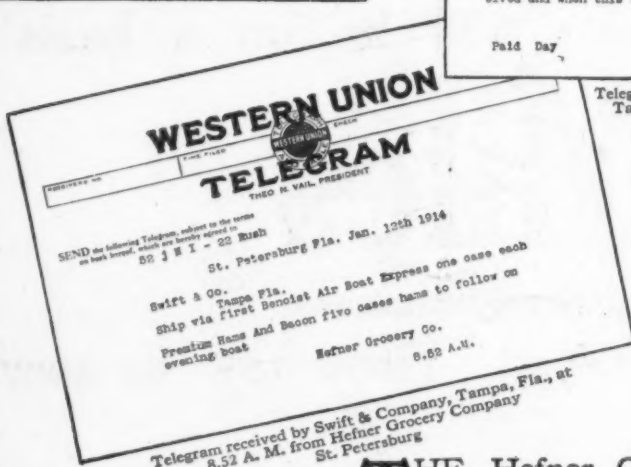
L. C. HEFNER RECEIVES SHIPMENT OF HAM AND BACON FROM TAMPA.

The first shipment of freight by airboat was received this morning by L. C. Hefner and was brought from Tampa in the fastest time ever made by freight. The shipment consisted of 22 pounds of ham and 18 pounds of bacon and was ordered by Mr. Hefner by telegraph. He sent the order when he found he was out of ham and bacon at his grocery store, at 10:30 o'clock, and telegraphed to Swift's plant in Tampa to send over a shipment by airboat. The package was delivered here in less than an hour after Mr. Hefner sent the order, in spite of the fact that the goods had to be packed and taken to the airboat pier after the order was received.

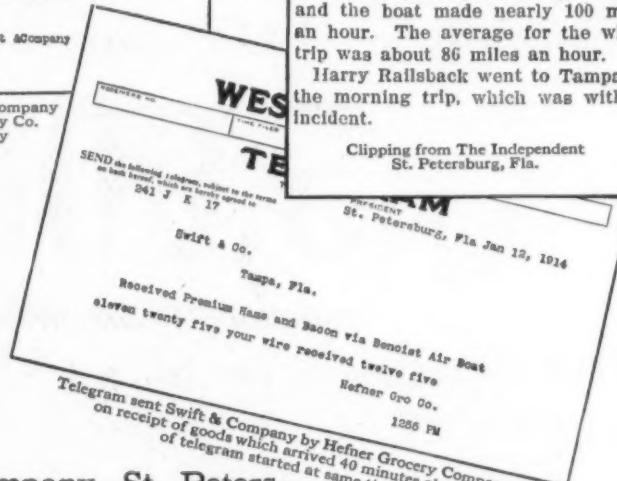
The airboat made the best time for 25 miles that has been made here, coming from Tampa by the long route in 17 1/2 minutes, covering a total of 25 miles. The wind was almost due north, around Gadsden point and then across old Tampa bay at the narrowest point, then down the coast to St. Petersburg. The wind was back of the car all the way from Papy's bayou and the boat made nearly 100 miles an hour. The average for the whole trip was about 86 miles an hour.

Harry Rallsback went to Tampa on the morning trip, which was without incident.

Clipping from The Independent St. Petersburg, Fla.



Telegram sent by Swift & Company Tampa, to Hefner Grocery Co. St. Petersburg in reply



Benoist Air Boat leaving the water at start of trip to St. Petersburg

THE Hefner Grocery Company, St. Petersburg, Fla., discovered that their supply of "Swift's Premium" Ham and Bacon was low. They telegraphed Swift & Company, Tampa, Fla., for hams and bacon by air boat so their customers need not be deprived of these excellent products for a single day.

The "Premium" Hams and Bacon were delivered to the Benoist Air Boat Express Dock at once for shipment by first air boat. The boat left Tampa at 11.04 and landed in St. Petersburg, 25 miles away, in 17 1/2 minutes. The "Premium" Hams and Bacon were delivered to Hefner Grocery Company at 11.25, just 21 minutes from Tampa.

This is the fastest delivery of merchandise on record, and was accomplished in the actual course of business between Swift & Company and one of their customers.



Benoist Air Boat headed for St. Petersburg going more than a mile a minute



"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments will be on a basis of

5,000 Miles

This applies also to all "Nobby Tread" Tires now in service on automobiles.

The "Nobby Tread" anti-skid Tire was placed upon the market in 1909—it was built regardless of price competition, and built to accomplish two purposes:

- No. 1—To give American automobile owners the lowest "cost per mile" tire that could be built.
- No. 2—To give American automobile owners a *real* anti-skid tire.

The inherent wear-resisting quality—the quantity of rubber—the quantity of fabric—the methods of construction—all have been rigidly maintained in "Nobby Tread" anti-skid Tires, and maintained regardless of cost and regardless of price competition.

The result is that—today, through sheer merit alone, "Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world.

But more than this—solely through their day in and day out mileage records, "Nobby Tread" Tires have proved that they are the most inexpensive tires in the end.

Therefore, based solely on their mileage records of over four years, "Nobby Tread" Tires can be, and now are, placed on this 5,000-mile basis of adjustment.

This applies to each and every "Nobby Tread" Tire in service on automobiles today or unsold in dealers' stock anywhere in the United States, carrying our regular warranty.

United States Tire Company

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE

Your own dealer or any reliable dealer can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get them for you at once—or go to another dealer.

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.



IN EVERY community and in every group of individuals there are always a few men who know the actual fashions, and how a man should look in his clothes.

If you are one of these men, or if you believe that the actual fashion is always more becoming than the variation or assumed improvement offered by some makers—then you will be interested in Kuppenheimer styles for spring, 1914.

As one of the very largest, certainly the fastest-

growing clothing house in America, our goods should be familiar to you—as well as the store that sells them in your vicinity.

In the metropolitan centers, and in most cities and towns throughout the United States and Canada, the dealer who sells Kuppenheimer Clothes is likely to be the leading clothier, or in a fair way to become so. Wherever he is, we stand back of him and whether large or small he has our hearty support and co-operation.

Our book, "Styles for Men," mailed on request

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOLUME 52 NUMBER 25

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

MARCH 7, 1914

The Baseball Mascot

By W. Kee Maxwell

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FANS? You city fellows that read your predigested ball dope at the breakfast table, talk over yesterday's game with the barber or the bartender in a supercilious sort of way, and stroll out to a \$1,000,000 park twice a month to see a bunch of professional hirelings exhibit themselves at 50 cents to \$1.50 per exhibit, don't know the primer-class definition of the word.

You do well enough, considering, I'll admit, for you really haven't got much incentive to feel that higher patriotism which makes a man willing to mortgage the base-burner, sacrifice his offspring, or offer up his only pair of trousers, rather than see his home team go down to inglorious defeat. You *can't* have that real, simon-pure, 18-karat, double-distilled, 100°-proof baseball devotion to the home team, for the simple reason that you haven't got any home team.

A gentleman with a fine balance of sporting blood and commercial instinct gets possession of a ball park and a club franchise. Then he sends his trusty sleuths scouring around this broad land from Medicine Hat to St. Augustine and Kennebunkport to San Diego in search of sundry clever young men who yearn, for a stipend, to disport themselves on the diamond in summer and on the vaudeville stage in winter. He gathers in a pitcher from Akron, Ohio, a slugger from Walla Walla, Wash., a shortstop from Cameron Junction, Mo., a backstop from Fort Smith, Ark., a left fielder from Tallahassee, Fla., and divers specialists in other lines from other assorted points of the compass. Then he assembles them under one flag, slaps the same brand of uniform on them, and labels them "Chicago" or "New York" or "Pittsburgh," as the case may be. That is, if he doesn't trade them off individually or collectively, or sell them like a bunch of steers to a town lower down or higher up in the census.

HOME team? Bah, and a couple of piffles!

I marvel that there are as many sets of vocal organs offered up on the altar of highly organized baseball as there are. The newspaper boys deserve a deal of credit, beyond a doubt.

For real baseball patriotism you should have happened into Boneville last summer when the Boneville Hyenas and the Foxtown Tornadoes were in their famous death struggle for the Briar League championship. No, I mean you should have been born and raised in Boneville or Foxtown. As a mere spectator you might have been diverted; but you couldn't have gotten the real thrill of the thing without the responsibility born of citizenship in Boneville or Foxtown.

For when you saw a man with "Foxtown" on his uniform you knew he was Foxtown born, Foxtown bred and Foxtown till he died. Your Foxtown citizen would as soon have hired a John Alden to court

his lady for him or employed a substitute to do his drinking as to import a nonresident ball player to defend the glory of his city on the diamond. And Boneville, and every other town in the Briar League for that matter, felt exactly the same way about it. No, indeed, no hired Hessians stood a show in that realm of real sport. F. Chance himself couldn't have copped

ball devotion that made the rivalry between Boneville and Foxtown second only in vitriolic belligerence to a Kentucky mountaineer feud or a national Republican convention.

It was a matter of local pride, and acutely, intensely personal to every citizen of the two communities. It embittered their social relations, it infected their business competition, it broke out in politics, it permeated religion; and a Montague could have wed a Capulet with less disgrace than a daughter of Foxtown the son of a Boneville sire. It got into the newspapers, and the post-office department had to end it in a draw.

That was what made the last game of the Briar League championship series last summer of more moment in Boneville than the Presidential campaign, the split hobble skirt of the milliner's assistant, the birth of the Smith triplets or the elopement of Banker Walker's daughter with Simon Legree of the Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe. It was for blood, and the honor of two towns hung in the balance.

The Briar League scorned percentages; they weren't comprehensive enough. Suppose Foxtown met defeat from Boneville by the narrow margin of 13 to 12 in a fourteen-inning game, then turned around next week and "whitewashed" Boneville at the rate of 7 to 0—do you think a cold, calculating mess of percentage figures that merely offset one game against another would do full justice in a case like that? Humph!

THEY didn't even bother about a schedule. Boneville and Foxtown played the other two towns in the Briar League largely as a matter of etiquette, or for the more utilitarian purpose of practice. Then, when the boastings of the diamond paranoiacs of both towns reached the hydrophobic stage, emissaries under flags of truce arranged a game between Boneville and Foxtown as a sort of civil safety valve.

For three years Boneville, computing by the number and comprehensiveness of the drubbings she had inflicted on Foxtown, had strutted up and down the county as the Briar League champion. But summer before last, thanks to a high-school recruit named Jansen who developed Cobbish symptoms with the bat, Foxtown had gleefully snatched the pennant from her old rival. Now, realizing the ephemeral nature of baseball glory, she had punctured Boneville's pride with barbed sarcasm and poured tabasco into the wounds.

"Go play the Ladies' Aid Society and get a reputation!" sneered Cap Lacon of the Foxtown tribe when told what Boneville had laid away in storage for his champs.

"If the third-grade schoolboys can't beat the croquet players they call the Boneville ball team," wrote the editor of the Foxtown "Faucet." "The school board should have them expelled immediately."

All of which, with sundry other delicate allusions,



"If that dog ain't fetched back before the game's over, I'll arrest ever'one of them fellers"

a contract except by taking out citizenship papers and swearing civic allegiance. That's the kind of dementia Americana that means something—the kind that fights, bleeds, and dies in the last ditch for its country—the kind that never forgives and never forgets—the kind that crushed to earth rises again and demands a new umpire. That is the type of real base-

called for verbal reprisals from Boneville and stirred that busy sporting center to the nth power of aggressiveness. Twelve young men were taken from the plow, the counter, the police force, and the tinshop, and consecrated to the sole task of redeeming Boneville from the stigma of baseball inferiority. Under the persistent and sometimes profane tutelage of coach "Chuck" Peters they bent to their work like harvest hands at dinner. They caught, threw, batted, ran, slid, jumped and hurdled from 5 a. m. to 7 p. m., and the lighting company even figured on a scheme for illuminating the grounds for night practice. The preachers tacitly condoned Sunday practice, on the plea of civic emergency, and the team, like alert firemen, slept in their uniforms with a baseball bat under each pillow.

All of which, as was bound to be, bore fruit. When the last day of September rolled around six vehement and sanguinary combats had been fought between the Boneville Hyenas and the Foxtown Tornadoes, of which the Hyenas had won three. The honors were tied—tied in a hard knot whose untying threatened a cataclysmic disturbance in two communities.

THE threats, brags, counter-brags, and recriminations gave way to an armistice long enough to arrange a series of two games which were finally to settle the championship, so far as it could be humanly settled. The first battle was to be fought at Boneville, the second at Foxtown, and the third—if a third proved necessary—at Boneville. A team of umpires was imported from the neighboring semi-pro circuit, duly warned as to the hazards of biased decisions, and given final authority in the arbitrament of the feud.

All the articles of war were eventually arranged and the two communities girded themselves for the struggle from which one was to emerge in glory and the other in sackcloth and despair.

Get together, Muse, and give me a lift while I try to tell these flat, incubated near fans what a real baseball crowd is like down in the Briar League. Lexington and Concord were flippant pink teas beside the seriousness of the occasion which brought Boneville and Foxtown to the park in Sam Holmes's pasture that opening day of the series. Old men hobbled in on crutches, sick men came on stretchers, babies came in arms; the banker left his new automobile and came to the firing line to blend his voice with those of section hands; the preacher and the bartender joined lungs; as in the thrilling days of France, the emergency banished sex. Foxtown was a deserted village; the population was in Boneville en masse to give moral and vocal support to the Tornadoes.

The sheriff at the county seat well knew the ominous potentialities of the occasion; he had seventeen impressive deputies patrolling the line of cleavage between the Boneville and Foxtown factions of the assembly and held himself in readiness to summon military aid in a flash. The umpires, pale with their responsibility and quaking with a sense of impending mutilation, looked at their watches nervously. They had but one consolation; the partisans were so liberal in casting epithets at the players and at each other that they kept nothing in reserve for them. As the fatal hour of three drew near, the air became galvanic with feeling and a misplaced adjective or an exaggerated sneer might have drenched the diamond in loyal gore.

TWO-FORTY-FIVE came and Boneville grew nervous. The Hyenas had been warming up for ten minutes and "Chuck" Peters had not yet appeared. Time dragged on and the Tornadoes took the diamond; but no Chuck came. The Boneville crowd was growing gray; low rumblings of foul play were heard and things began to cloud up darkly. Two-fifty-five—2.58—then a mighty huzza from 300 Boneville throats!

Peters, heralded by two dozen youngsters, came

trotting down the lane between the two crowds, leading a long, semitransparent hound, decked with red and white ribbons—colors of the Boneville Hyenas.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," yelled Peters above the din. "This is Bulger, mascot for the Boneville Hyenas! May he bring us good luck!"

A half-dozen Hyenas grabbed Bulger and led him in triumph to the bench, while the Boneville crowd emitted a 600-lung-power shriek of joy. Bulger lifted his eyes heavenward, took a tuck in his tail, and answered with a yelp that rent the clouds.

THE umpire bowed and elocuted unheard, the Hyenas filed out, and the combat was on. It was a Greek-Greek go from the first ball, and victory shifted back and forth with each half inning. Boneville (players and rooters alike) fought brilliantly, but Foxtown was cool and dogged. Bulger, elevated to the peerage, sat on the bench with a Hyena cap on his head and feasted on peanuts, bonbons, pop corn, apples, and banana peelings.



Corrigan, tangled in a rod of rope, went down with Bulger in a haze of brown dust

It was a new life to Bulger, this sudden dawn of affluence, for Chuck had gathered him, 90 per cent starved, out of a barnyard, fed him a pair of rubber boots and a raw potato, and adopted him in a sudden flash of that superstition which haunts the ball player even more acutely than the actor man. Bulger had tried no hold-out tactics when Chuck proposed to sign him; he gave a soulful glance of gratitude, flopped his ears twice, nibbled a persistent flea, and trotted along to don his uniform.

ARRAYED in the cap and colors of the Hyenas, Bulger presented a spectacle which defied the art of the Sunday comic artist. Likewise, his markings were beyond the analysis of the dog fancier. His forelegs belonged to the bull species and his hind ones to the greyhound. His ears were reminiscent of the elephant, and his tail, long enough for a monkey, broke in the middle with a curve like an elbow of gas pipe.

But Bulger's real claim to distinction lay in the possession of that rare canine ornament, a chin; his lower jaw protruded a half inch beyond the upper and sported a set of teeth of assorted heights and a stubbly goatee of somber gray bristles. Thus it happened that even Bulger's kindest smile was ghastly, and the sight of his face in the stress of vocal exultation might well have brought terror to the soul of his staunchest enemy.

The game went on vociferously. It was neck and neck to the ninth. Boneville had been leading by one run since the fifth, but Jansen, the Ty Cobb of the Tornadoes, landed vengeance on a low outshoot for three bases and scored a runner, tying the game. Extra innings were in sight and bedlam reigned. Kynett, the Hyena pitcher, was dubious after nine innings and "Chuck" was saving his southpaw, Rogers, for the morrow.

It was an agonizing time when Boneville came up for her half of the ninth. Back and forth the yells and gasps shifted as play and counterplay swung the pendulum. With two men down, Peters himself had managed to slide, hurdle and aviate as far as second. But it looked hopeless for breaking the tie, for Kynett, a proverbial woodchopper, came up to bat and swung twice without connecting.

Then Chuck, seeing the desperation of things, inhaled a bold resolution and made a dash for third while the pitcher wound up. It was absurd, but chance sometimes favors daring. The catcher shot the ball toward third, the baseman reached to gather it in.

At that instant a horrible shriek slit the atmosphere just back of the man on the bag. The baseman stood frozen for an instant, the ball bounced off his mitt and rolled twenty feet, while Chuck tore across the home plate like Barney Oldfield at his wildest.

Somebody had stepped on Bulger's tail.

The first game was won, and Bulger was carried home like a conquering Caesar.

NOBODY slept in either town that night. Boneville sat up all night coddling her joy, and Foxtown, tossed with insomnia, nursing her sorrow. Not even a lighting company's most extravagant meter could have registered the electric currents which saturated the air. By wagon and rail Boneville moved in a body to Foxtown next morning, to mass her strength for the second battle. The constabulary had been doubled and the umpires carried a bodyguard. Defeat of Foxtown on her own grounds might mean a serious relapse in Boneville's census showing.

Flushed with yesterday's triumph, the Hyena partisans vocalized exultantly. Indians dancing around the stake victim showed no such abandon of vindictive hilarity as

Boneville flaunted before her stricken rival that day. The lexicon of sarcasm was exhausted, and Foxtown could only murmur: "Wait."

But the Hyenas themselves were not at heart so cheerful. There was a black cloud above their horizon, which even their laryngeal bravado could not dissipate.

Bulger had disappeared!

Given the freedom of the town as a mark of special distinction, he had strolled forth in the gloaming to return no more. Chuck held a hurried council of the clan and confessed the terrible truth.

"I'd rather be laid out of the game myself, boys," he groaned, "than have Bulger out. It was providential, my finding him yesterday, and now—"

"We've got to have him," was the unanimous answer. "Start a search!"

Action went with the word. The ball team, the new-made constables, and a score of Hyena enthusiasts ransacked Boneville with lanterns and torches the night long. They visited every known haunt of dogdom, and even put Quigley's bloodhound on the trail, but Bulger developed not. A great wall went up about Bulger's ingratitude, and the air was thick with lamentations about canine fickleness in general. "He got his ribs lined, then flew the job," sneered Kynett. "A fine mascot—I don't think."

BUT Chuck was steadfast in the faith.

"I won't believe it of any dog," he insisted, "let alone Bulger. Why, if you could have seen the way he looked at me when I asked him to sign! He's got lost or killed—that's all. Poor old Bulger!"

"Poor old Bulger!" echoed the small boys in chorus, while Chuck retired to temporary solitude with his sorrow.

Of course the news got to the enemy. Boneville lost heart and Foxtown bucked up. And things went as might have been expected. Rogers pitched great ball for the Hyenas, the team backed him like a perfect fighting machine.

(Continued on page 25)

Governor Glynn of New York

By C. P. Connolly

ONE night in the fall of 1910 I went to Carnegie Hall to hear John A. Dix open his hustings campaign for the Governorship of New York. Dix read his speech from manuscript. Then came a distinguished professor from an up-State university, whose classic epigrams, polished under the lamp, failed to arouse a moribund audience. The professor was followed by Martin H. Glynn, who was introduced as a former Controller of the State. Glynn had not been talking five minutes when he caught the crowd. Of all the Eastern orators I had heard, he was one of the few who had a definite message, and delivered it well. He marshaled his facts with precision; he illumined them with good nature. He had the voice and rhythm of the orator, the learning of the scholar. He had metaphor and melody, fire and wit. The next morning the New York "Times" gave Glynn a column.

Glynn spoke of the Republican platform as a document which in its language was "as clear as a fog and as definite as a black cat on a charcoal wagon on a moonless night." He told, amid waves and titillations of laughter, of the peculations of Republican county officials whose careers he had, as State Controller, surveyed under a law which had formerly been a dead letter; of how the superintendent of the poor farm in one county purchased blooded stock for his private use with the money of his department, and paid to have it registered with the funds appropriated for the care of orphans; of another official who had sold a farm to his county for \$2,500 and bought it back for his own use for \$500; of a justice of the peace who had collected fees for performing the marriage ceremony under authority of a statute which provided for "fees for services in criminal proceedings"; of another official who charged seventy-four days' service for repairing the gutter pipes of a public building. He told of how the sheriff of a certain county charged 10 cents a week each for watching prisoners while they did their own washing, for fear they might steal their own clothes; and of how the sheriff of another county collected \$5 for driving away gypsies and another \$5 for attendance at the Sandy Creek Fair—with other matters of more serious and compelling interest.

Two years later I was in Albany on some investigation work. I was advised to call on Martin Glynn, owner and editor of the Albany "Times-Union." Glynn's desk was piled high with exchanges and with the mull and litter of a busy man. He was writing copy and editing proofs of sporting notes, society notes, and personals; bending over forms ready for the press, and giving a dozen orders a minute, all of which he seemed to remember, sometimes to the discomfiture of those who should have remembered but had forgotten them.

A Lad of Parts

I HAD rediscovered the finished orator of Carnegie Hall. I had also discovered an Admirable Crichton. His wide range of reading and knowledge, no less than his personality, charmed me. As he himself has said of former Chief Justice Cullen of the New York Court of Appeals, he is a "globe trotter in the world of books." He was not only acquainted with books, but with the spindrift of literature. On his library table might be found anything in the way of literature, from Cowper's poems to the latest political brochure.

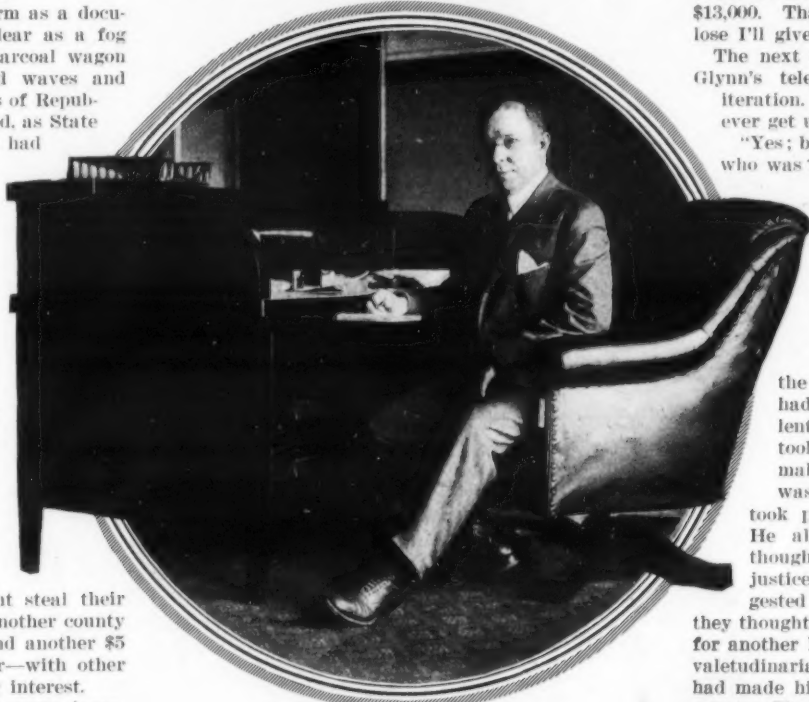
I thought he was one of the best intellectually equipped men I had met in public or private life—and he was only forty. He had made the same impression on me that he had made as a youngster on his teachers in the public school and on his preceptors at Fordham, for he was always the honor man of his class. His memory was so ready that on the afternoon of a certain amateur performance at Fordham he had committed the lines of one of Shakespeare's principal characters, substituting for another who had been suddenly called away, and never dropped a stitch in the entire text that night. When the audience was told of this tour de force, it rose and gave Glynn three cheers.

Glynn has a sense of historical perspective and proportion. Behind his eloquence is what eloquence often lacks, character. His oratory is rich with gems. Take this as a sample—I don't think it is often matched:

"I know the public schools, and, because I know them, I refuse to be disturbed by those who seek from time to time to alarm the nation with gloomy

forebodings and dire predictions. For when they tell us that danger threatens the institutions of the Republic, when they warn us that the ship of state is drifting into perilous waters, when the cynic grows faint-hearted and the credulous become discouraged, I hear the bells ringing from ten thousand public schools, and my heart grows warm again. I see

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He has sympathy for the humble and the lowly. He is constitutionally honest. He has courage. There is poise but no pose about him

twenty million children marching into the schools that dot the hills and valleys from Maine to Mexico. I watch them conning their readers and thumbing their histories. I see them being molded into American citizens, and I know that America can make no mistake which America cannot rectify."

At the age of twenty-eight Glynn had served one term in Congress and had been appointed by President McKinley a member of the National Commission of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, when he was nominated and elected Controller of New York while traveling in Europe for his health. When he returned to Albany he found Charles E. Hughes Governor. The two men worked together and became fast friends.

A Master of the Craft

GLYNN found as a legacy from a former administration an inheritance-tax case involving some \$360,000, which, it was claimed, was due the State. The beneficiaries under the will of the decedent were powerful and prominent, socially and politically. The Supreme Court and the Appellate Division had both decided against the State. The case went to the Court of Appeals, and that court broke even. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. The attorney that had been employed by the State did not give Glynn much encouragement, and Glynn decided that it was a poor general that led his forces to battle without confidence of victory. So he went to the redoubtable David B. Hill, who had retired from politics and was practicing law at Albany. Hill said he would take the case if he thought he could win it, and asked for time to examine the papers. As Glynn was leaving Hill's office, Hill remarked:

"By the way, you have the reputation of being a bad paymaster for lawyers. This is a big case. Before I go at it we had better have an understanding about the fee."

"All right," answered Glynn laconically, "let's have it."

"The law allows you to pay 10 per cent of what

is recovered in this case. If I win it I am entitled to a fee of \$36,000."

"Yes," said Glynn, "you are entitled to it, but you won't get it."

"Then I don't want the case."

Glynn had his hand on the knob of the half-opened door. He knew that Hill hated a certain lawyer who had his office upstairs over Hill's office and that he would probably pay for the privilege of taking the case rather than let this lawyer have it.

"Very well; I am going upstairs and give it to Judge X—," threatened Glynn.

"I believe you would," said Hill.

"I certainly will," returned Glynn.

"What's the best you will do?" queried Hill, wavering between a pruned fee and a gorged enemy.

Glynn looked at the calendar and counted the days until the date set for the argument before the Supreme Court of the United States. "If you win I'll give you \$13,000. That's \$1,000 a day for your work. If you lose I'll give you \$5,000."

The next morning, between six and seven o'clock, Glynn's telephone rang with sharp and insistent iteration. "Good morning," said Hill; "don't you ever get up?"

"Yes; but don't you ever go to bed?" replied Glynn, who was familiar with Hill's nocturnal habits.

"Not when I have any work to do. I

am going to bed now. I've spent the night looking over the papers in that case. Telegraph the clerk of the Supreme Court to substitute my name as your attorney. I'll kick that case as full of holes as a sieve and bring back the tax of \$360,000 for the State treasury."

Hill appeared in Washington, and in the argument displayed his craftiness. He had been sick, and the rumor was prevalent that he was broken down in health. He took advantage of this rumor and played the malingering. The opening of his argument was purposely hazy. Some of the justices took pity on him and tried to help him out. He allowed them to question him until he thought he knew the trend of the mind of every justice on the bench. One of the justices suggested that it was not necessary to go on, that they thought they understood Hill's points. Hill asked for another half hour. Then throwing off the rôle of valetudinarian, he made one of those arguments which had made him famous in the Senate and before the courts. That night he telegraphed Glynn that he believed he had won his case and that every justice but two would uphold his contention. And they did. The court handed down the decision as Hill had predicted, every justice upholding him but the two Hill had named. He saved the State \$347,000 and established a precedent that has been worth millions to New York.

Resiliency of Mind

THIS is not a story of Hill; but between Glynn and Hill a warm friendship sprang up. Both men were of about the same age when they were sworn in as Governor, being the two youngest Governors New York has had. Glynn, who himself owes much to his mother, delights to tell this story of Hill:

"Hill was a bachelor and a woman hater. During all his life he rarely referred to his family or his antecedents. When he moved to the Executive Mansion at Albany he brought with him a little oak box, the key to which he carried about his person. The box was kept in his bedroom, and strict orders were issued to every servant to keep hands off."

"The little oak box grew to be a mystery among the servants, and the mystery got noised abroad among the gossips of Albany. Shortly after he became Governor, Hill was plunged into a long personal and political fight. The mysterious box was injected into this fight. It contained his mother's wedding dress, which was all she left Hill when she died. He had kept it during the years of his young manhood and his maturity. Hill became afraid some one would break into the box and bring about a contretemps and a necessary explanation."

"One winter night, when everybody was asleep, Hill opened the box and took out the old-fashioned trousseau. He crept softly down to the cellar, lingeringly fondled his precious heirloom, which he wet with his tears, kissed it, and threw it into the flames of the furnace."

Glynn declares that he has heard Hill pay the most beautiful tribute to his mother he has ever heard from the lips of man.

Governor Glynn is human. He has sympathy for the humble and the lowly. He is constitutionally honest. He has courage. There is poise but no pose about him. He lacks the histrionic stride which is fa-

miliar to us who see much of politicians. He has the flash of genius without the stage lightning which sometimes accompanies it. He has a resilient mind, which responds automatically with the richest treasures of study. He is endowed with that quality which the French call *savoir-faire*, but which in our clumsy American argot is commonly known as horse sense and mother wit. He has a mind of his own. He cannot be got to do the thing he does not think is right. He is in politics for principle, not for principal, and his altruism is sufficiently qualified by egotism, confidence, and determination to make him a successful Governor. Once in a while he tumbles from his pedestal—we all do; it is human; but he picks himself up and climbs back, like the just man in the Gospel. He is a good son and husband and a clean, wholesome citizen. Against his private life—and Heaven knows we have had enough of loose fish in politics—no criticism has been uttered even in the heat of the many political campaigns in which he has borne a banner. It is not because he is physically unfitted for the frivolities of life, as is often the case with the unco guid. "Charles is the only respectable member of our family," said Lady Dufferin to Disraeli, "and that is because he has a liver complaint." Glynn is decent because he chooses to be decent, and open, frank, and honest because it is his nature.

"I've got the ordinary man's modicum of ambition," he says, "and a fair amount of this world's goods, and I have an earnest wish to do some good for my less fortunate fellows."

His Guide Is Peace

AS THE candidate for Lieutenant Governor, Glynn ran 23,000 votes ahead of Sulzer and 10,000 votes ahead of Woodrow Wilson. He has always run ahead of his ticket.

When Governor Sulzer was impeached, and Albany was standing on its head, and the State, and even the nation, were agog with excitement, some of Glynn's political friends sought to get him to use physical force to oust Sulzer from the Executive Chamber. The bogies which swarm in the brains of men under public excitement made such a course seem wise. To have followed this advice would have meant the further intensification of an already tense situation, and Glynn kept his head. He listened and finally said:

"Gentlemen, the law has put me in this position. I did not seek it. The time is coming when Mr. Sulzer will recognize the power of the law and will voluntarily turn over to me such of the functions of office as he is usurping. I shall not seek to hasten his action. And now I am going to put on my hat and take a walk around the block. When I get back I want to find this office empty."

Glynn wanted to be a lawyer when he left college, and he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He would have made a good lawyer under any sound system of law, as the following incident will show. But when he went to Albany and looked over the ground, he discovered that the way of the lawyer, like the way of other transgressors, was hard. Besides, he reflected, that with lawyers, as Henry Watterson once said, it is chickens-to-day and feathers-to-morrow.

Fighting the Stock Exchange

GLYNN was in debt for money advanced to enable him to prosecute his collegiate course. One day he met John Henry Farrell, then the owner of Glynn's present newspaper plant. Farrell offered Glynn an editorial position on his paper. The salary named did not appeal to Glynn. He asked for just twice what Farrell offered, displaying a long-headedness which has carried him far, but never dreaming that Farrell would consider his demand. He did not intend to stick to the newspaper business longer than to enable him to get on his feet, but to go back to the law. But, as he himself says, when the smell of printers' ink got into his nostrils, and the rumble of the presses got to be music to his ears, he forgot his ambition to be a lawyer. He must have

been a born newspaper man, for he had not been long at Fordham when his class was instructed to write a composition on a certain subject. The next morning the preceptor said: "I am going to read you a composition." He read Glynn's. "Now," he said, "guess who wrote that." The class guessed practically everybody but Glynn. "No," said the teacher, "that was written by the little farmer from Kinderhook." When he took hold of the "Times-Union" Glynn doubled its circulation.

Before Glynn became Controller, there had been no system in the office. In one instance, stamps to the value of \$7,000,000 were in the sole custody of an

sales made by him and as to the amount of stamps he had on hand, and obliging the Stock Exchange to preserve the record of aggregate sales. In opposition to the bill a special train came to Albany, filled from tender to tail end with Stock Exchange officials and brokers. With them was one of the most distinguished constitutional lawyers in the United States. Glynn's own friends told him that his bill was unconstitutional; leading legislators told him so; his own deputy told him so; and all were anxious to know where he got the ideas on which he based the bill. His friends, panic-stricken, wanted him to hire some eminent constitutional lawyer; they told him he would be no match for the great lawyer who would argue against the bill. Glynn told them he was competent himself, and would refuse to spend the State's money to retain any lawyer, big or little. The "little farmer from Kinderhook" had one of his champing moments.

The day of the hearing came, and the famous constitutional lawyer made his argument. The officials of the Stock Exchange urged that Glynn's bill was unnecessary; they kept all the records called for by the bill, and anyone could have them for the asking, they said.

Horse Sense

GLYNN conceded to his opponents all of his own time except five minutes. That he consumed, first, in reading the letters of the Stock Exchange officials, which belied in writing what they had just stated orally; and, secondly, by calling attention to the fact that the United States Supreme Court, in four different cases, had decided that his bill was constitutional. A titter ran round the room. The famous lawyer arose. How could it be that the United States Supreme Court had four different times declared constitutional what had not yet been enacted into law? Thereupon Glynn, amid the sneers of his auditors, but with perfect sangfroid, dug up from his little black bag four reports of the United States Supreme Court, and showed the wondering committee that his bill was simply a transcript of the Internal Revenue Act, with the words "Stock Exchange tax stamp" substituted for "internal revenue stamp tax." It was another case of Portia; of David slaying his Goliath. The eminent lawyer was confounded. He asked that the committee postpone further argument in order that he might look further into the matter. The hearing was postponed, and postponed again and again, until it was finally set for three o'clock in the afternoon of the day on which the Legislature was to adjourn at twelve o'clock noon.

That ended Glynn's fight for reform of the Stock Exchange Stamp Law. It gave him a reason to be glad he was not a lawyer. It proved that the successful lawyer must know something besides the law—must know something of tricks and shifts, of how to outwit by demurrer, or motion to postpone, or to quash, or motion to back and fill, or to beat the air, or to do anything but toe the mark of the law as it was established in the precedents. But it did not prevent him from putting into effect his own measures for protecting the State against the loose methods of handling the revenue stamps. He made them as safe from spoliation as range horses in the cattle country in the days of the Vigilantes.

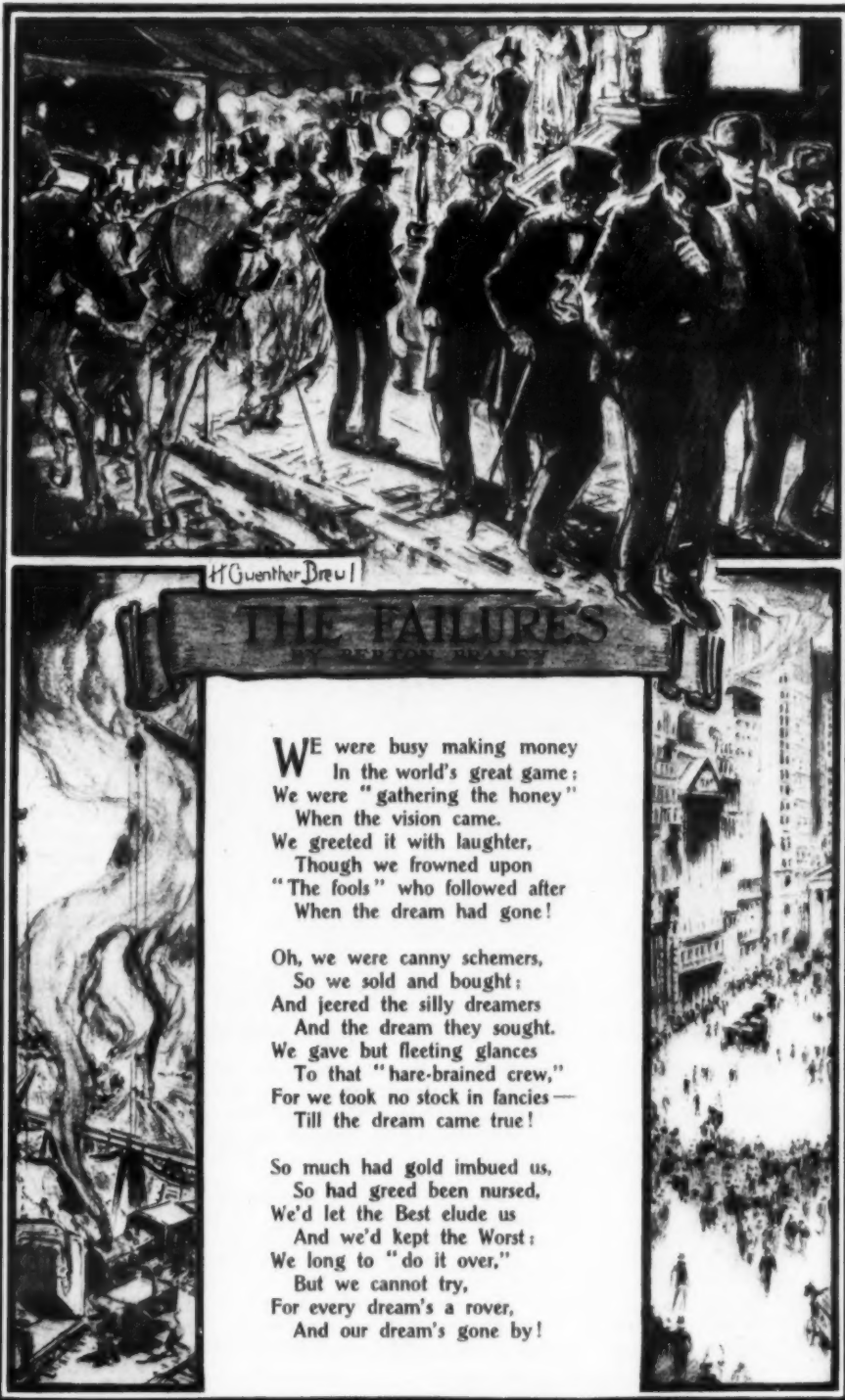
Alas, Poor Flaccus!

LATE one Saturday afternoon, while Glynn was sitting alone in his office in Albany, waiting to be taken home, he whiled away the time reading aloud to himself a little de luxe edition of Horace in the original that a friend had sent him. A Harvard graduate, the president of an Albany bank, wandered into the office, the door of which was open.

"What is that you are reading? 'Horace?'" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Glynn; "I was refreshing old memories."

"Well," said the banker, "you are now Controller of the State of New York, and let me give you a tip: don't let any Albany banker— (Continued on page 28)



WE were busy making money
In the world's great game;
We were "gathering the honey"
When the vision came.
We greeted it with laughter,
Though we frowned upon
"The fools" who followed after
When the dream had gone!

Oh, we were canny schemers,
So we sold and bought;
And jeered the silly dreamers
And the dream they sought.
We gave but fleeting glances
To that "hare-brained crew,"
For we took no stock in fancies—
Till the dream came true!

So much had gold imbued us,
So had greed been nursed,
We'd let the Best elude us
And we'd kept the Worst;
We long to "do it over,"
But we cannot try,
For every dream's a rover,
And our dream's gone by!

unbonded clerk, who had access to them at any hour of the day or night. These stamps were used for stamping stock sold on the Stock Exchange in New York City. The records showed that \$3,000,000 worth of these stamps had been burned the day before Glynn took office, without the presence of attesting witnesses, and without any of the safeguards which usually surround the destruction of evidences of value. Another batch of \$75,000 worth of stamps was alleged to have been destroyed, and the only evidence of destruction was the ipse dixit of the man who said he had destroyed them. The money that was received from the sales of stamps did not tally with the amount of sales reported on the Stock Exchange as printed in the morning papers. Glynn wanted the cooperation of the Stock Exchange in the enforcement of the law, and he asked that he be supplied with an authorized statement each day as to the number and amount of sales. In two letters that he received in reply from Stock Exchange officials he was told that no such record could be furnished him, that it was not kept. Glynn then had a bill introduced in the Legislature compelling every stockbroker in New York to report to the State Controller once a month as to the number of

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

IT IS possible to state now that the four bills proposed by the Democrats as their antitrust program have not stood up well under the examination to which they have been subjected by Members of Congress, students, and business men. Many Democrats, of the old school, who lean toward State rights and have a horror of what they call "government by commission," condemn parts of the program as repugnant to the Constitution. Many other Democrats, of the liberal school, condemn them as not going far enough. Business men quite generally condemn them as unworkable. When Wilson made his address to Congress, in which he outlined the antitrust program, business men quite generally approved the spirit of it, but the details as expressed in the actual bills have caused a good deal of dismay. Indeed, it would hardly be too much to say that the Democratic antitrust program so far is more or less a muddle. The bills will probably be passed through the House in practically their present shape, but when they go to the Senate committee they are likely to spend a long time in a perfecting process. It is probably fair to say that the Democratic antitrust program meets with approval quite largely in the degree in which it has approximated the Progressive attitude upon trust regulation. This is especially true of the Interstate Trade Commission. The idea of this commission was ridiculed by the Democrats two years ago in the Presidential campaign, and was supported by the Progressives. There is at this moment a striking opportunity for a great leader to come forward among the Progressives in Congress. He would have to be equipped with such an intellectual command of the Progressive idea for the regulation of business, and the adaptation of governmental processes to a changed political economy, as is possessed, for example, by President Charles R. Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin, or George W. Perkins. Such a leader could build up at this moment what does not now exist, an anti-Administration party. For the Democrats are now dealing with a matter about which there is a sharply divided public opinion. President Van Hise made a strong impression in his testimony before the committee which is considering the antitrust bills, especially by his distinction between "magnitude and monopoly." A good deal of confusion has been created by using these terms interchangeably, and it has resulted in an unjust misunderstanding of the Progressive party's position on the trust question. It is worth noting that the Progressive party's position on the trust question is indorsed by two widely dissimilar groups, the more radical leaders of contemporary thought, and business men who want something that is clearly understandable and easily workable.

President Wilson's Health

ONE of the reasons why President Wilson falls sick from time to time, to the great concern of his countrymen,

is that he tries to do too much work. He pulls too large a share of the load. It is one of his qualities as an administrator and as chief executive of a large, burdensome, and intricate business that he does not let enough responsibility rest upon either his subordinates or upon the coordinate branches of the Government. It is not



Westerman, in the Ohio State Journal

to his own personal interest nor to the public interest that he should generate in his own person the whole motive power for the governmental machine. Washington observers think that the President is in a position of the cockhorse of a four-in-hand team, pulling with all of his strength at the collar while the leaders and the wheel horses walk behind with traces slack. Mr. Wilson not only recommends legislation, but he sits with the committees of Congress and aids in drafting it, and after it is drafted he sees it through the two branches, personally superintending each step in its progress, accepting or rejecting proposed amendments and supervising the final shaping of every measure, so that it comes to him made to his personal order. Mr. Wilson, so we are told, exercises the same comprehensive superintendence over the important work and policies of the departments. He has fairly taken over the conduct of foreign affairs as a part of his daily routine business. With this burden upon him it is difficult to see how he can keep going. Simply being President is the hardest job in the United States, and it seems inevitable that Mr. Wilson must revise his notions of the whole duty of a President and throw upon Congress and upon his subordinates in the departments their fair share of responsibility. At the present time he is holding himself personally responsible for too much. He does not

serve the country and he does not serve himself when he impairs his vitality and his health by too great preoccupation with the details of legislation and government.

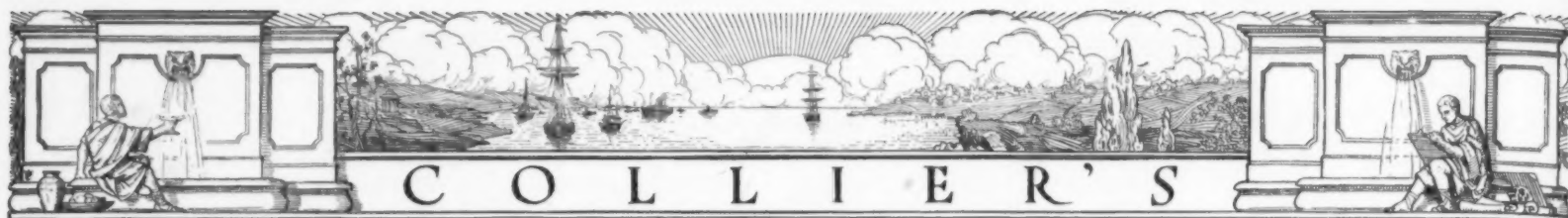
The Women and the Donkey

ANY watchful observer of President Wilson's utterances, and the evolution of his mind during the past half-dozen years, must believe that at heart he favors woman suffrage. It is difficult to conceive that he should have absorbed all the rest of the radical propaganda without becoming sympathetic toward this. When the President recently evaded going on record in this matter, probably he had in mind the fact that any utterance of his in favor of women voting would be very distasteful to the bulk of his party. The Democratic party, in its leadership and personnel, comes largely from the South. In that section its most important activity consists in restricting a suffrage which already exists. Naturally, in such an atmosphere, a party comes to look with strong opposition upon any proposal to enlarge the number of persons who are privileged to vote. This attitude on the part of Democrats is not so much a fault as a perfectly natural misfortune. It is to be charged, primarily, not against the Democratic party, but against the Republicans, for the mistakes, and worse, which they committed during the least admirable period of American history, Reconstruction.

Coming Changes in the House

THE present Lower House of Congress consists of 291 Democrats, 124 Republicans, 13 Progressives, 6 who describe themselves in their official biographies as "Progressive-Republicans," and 1 (William Kent of California) Independent. During the present year, when an entire new Congress will be elected, the number of Republicans undoubtedly will drop below 100 and may very well fall much farther. The Progressive party will be organized and aggressive in every Congressional district, as it was not two years ago, and will undoubtedly present a more effective opposition to the Republicans than it did before. It is altogether probable that during the present year the number of Democrats in the House will be increased even above their present very heavy majority. Whether this increase will be good for the country or for the Democratic party is doubtful. The possession by any political party of a big majority makes for lack of cohesion, resistance to leadership, and indifference to public opinion. It is fair to say that the initiative for practically all the work done by the Democrats during the past year has come not so much from the Democratic party as from President Wilson. The Democrats do Wilson's bidding, not because they like him nor because they are docile to his leadership. What they observe is that under him they are having a great run of luck, and they are doing his will largely on the card-playing principle of continuing to lead from the same suit so long as the luck lasts.

COLLIER'S maintains an office at Washington which will give the record of any member of Congress on important roll calls, or supply information concerning Congress and the Government. The service is entirely without charge. Address Collier's Washington Bureau, 902 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.



Governor Glynn

THE ARTICLE ON GOVERNOR GLYNN in this week's COLIER'S is from an author who has spent most of his writing career criticizing public officials. He believes the time has now come for reconstruction. He has been looking for men equipped to carry out the programs demanded by the people. He believes public sentiment should support such men, but that, before it will, the public must know something about them. He believes in Governor GLYNN of New York, and has set down here some reasons for his belief. Barring the intrigues and accidents of politics, he believes that Mr. GLYNN will make one of the great Governors of New York; that at heart he is essentially clean, honest, painstaking, competent, and a really practical progressive. In view of the fact that Governor GLYNN took office under crucial circumstances, and is unknown to the people of the United States, this estimate is timely and enlightening. For our own part, we share a good deal of our contributor's hope. If he should join the Democratic Mayor of New York City and the Democratic President, their combined influence would lift the party in New York to a level it has never yet touched, and it would probably destroy Tammany utterly. At the same time a judicial attitude toward Governor GLYNN requires it to be said that in a good many of his reforms he has been reaping the harvest that others sowed. The Direct Primary Bill finally came in GLYNN's time and upon his insistence; but if any one man is to be crowned as the direct-primary hero of New York State, it is Mr. Justice HUGHES, who began the campaign for it against very bitter opposition when he was Governor. Also, our own guess as to the future of Governor GLYNN's political stature is that it depends on his capacity to free himself from a conscious partisanship which he now has, and which is repugnant to the spirit of the times. His refusal to cooperate with the Republican prosecuting attorney of New York County, lest the latter should make political capital out of it, was a mistake.

Good Roads or Spoiled Pork?

WE ARE GLAD to print Congressman DORSEY W. SHACKLEFORD's plan for good roads because it has a good intention, and Mr. SHACKLEFORD is an ardent and effective worker in behalf of this cause. Moreover, his bill, now pending at Washington, is more than half good, and the rest of it may yet be made better before it becomes an operating law. At the same time we should like to emphasize our own view, that the entrance of the Federal Government upon the business of building roads should be guarded from the practices known as "pork-barrel appropriations," which have characterized the Federal Government's aid to local rivers and harbors. We do not like the spectacle of individual Congressmen grabbing for appropriations for isolated pieces of work in their own districts. We wish the Federal Government would take up road building upon a comprehensive national scheme and without regard to local conditions, and, even more than that, we wish the Democrats could forget their State-rights traditions, which are against all the important economic and political tendencies of the day, and which ultimately, if clung to, will result in the self-destruction of the Democratic party, now so prosperous.

Abroad at Home

WE ONLY WISH JULIAN STREET and WALLACE MORGAN, now making a tour of the country, were centipedes. Then perhaps they might go everywhere before returning to us. What could be more alluring, for instance, than the magnificent apples sent to this office by the Wenatchee Commercial Club in the State of Washington? Like JOSHUA, we would fain send STREET and MORGAN there to spy out the land and send us more such apples. They will neglect Wenatchee to their cost. The taste lingers with us yet. One gentleman in Gold Bar of the same State (Homeric names of the Golden West!) fears that we may be an "old crab" or "a lady." We charge you, MESSRS. STREET and MORGAN, to appear before Gold Bar and present us in our true light! And who can remain unimpressed by the public spirit of Temple, Tex., that made nearly every prominent citizen write us an urgent invitation for our envoys? Should they omit to visit the State of Texas on their homeward way, we shall have a word with them on their return. Some of our friends have invited the rovers not only on their own behalf, but on behalf of their patriarchal families of sons and daughters scattered over the entire Union. Even our insular terri-

tories, such as Hawaii, have bidden us by proxy to visit their "sapphire seas." Gladly would we take to our bosom all the one hundred millions in one vast embrace; but were STREET and MORGAN to accept every kind invitation the diagram of their journey would be simply a railroad map of the United States and Canada. A word, therefore, to the unvisited: One fine day we may go voyaging again, and yet again.

Standpatters, Please Note!

IN A RECENT PARAGRAPH we referred to a book by JOHN BACH McMASTER of the University of Pennsylvania. The full title is "The Acquisition of Political, Social, and Industrial Rights of Man in America," and the book was published at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1903. It is a most impressive summing up of the darkness of cruelty and oppression from which our people have emerged, and we recommend it to all who believe in "the good old times" and sneer at modern efforts toward better things.

The Hen of To-day

NO LONGER is the hen a straggler on society's fringe; her intensive culture is full of interest—or shall we say profits? If she cannot do better than seventy eggs a year (which is perhaps about what the farmer's hen has averaged—without a college education), it is into the pot "for hers." Evolution has labored in the making of a feathered lady like C 521, the Oregon Experiment Station's triumph, with her world record of 303 eggs in 365 days. In this process all our modern words come into play: heredity, environment, survival of the fittest, eugenics. But it is a case of factory development as well as race development of to-day is above organized man—under scientific No more is the points and purity champion of them—seven-eighths eighth Plymouth egg that counts, contests at the station have feathers don't bird, nor yet set of a rose rect tail carriage Poultry houses heated. We have school for the supergirl at Bryn Mawr and like treatment for the Oregon superhen. In these costly days the fabled hen which lays an egg a day is second cousin to the goose that laid the egg of gold.



This hen is a good citizen. She laid 303 eggs in 365 days

Man-o'-Warsmen

THE AMERICAN CRUISER lay still as a water lily on the blue harbor—beyond, the vivid green of the tropics in the season of rains, and further yet, like pyramids one behind the other, the volcanoes of Nicaragua. The sun blazed down on an awning amidships, and beneath this, with the crew banked on three sides and the officers seated in dignified fashion on the fourth, the two lightweights were about to begin a ten-round fight. "This," bellowed the master of ceremonies, "is PROVINZANO of Genoa. He's goin' to fight a Mexican! And this is MEDINA, captain of the head. He's goin' to fight a dago!" A good-natured roar went up from three sides of the ring, and the *commandante* and the other "natives," who had been watching with detached amusement the preliminary examples of "il box," suddenly became serious. These were no pink-skinned Anglo-Saxon giants, but Latins both, playing the enemy's game in the enemy's country. And the two boys well repaid their scrutiny. The Italian was the more sensitive of the two—a quick-eyed boy, with a whimsical, almost girlish smile, and a wide-eyed way of looking from side to side as if to ask what it was all about. The Mexican was as beautiful as a bronze statue, perfectly modeled, lithe as a panther, and with a head which might have been taken from an old Roman coin. His eyes never "telegraphed" his leads, his thin lips were closed on the same hard line, and in the center of this ring or in his corner his expression—which might have been that of some subtle medieval priest—showed scarce a flicker of change. It was anybody's battle up to the final gong, and a clever,



plucky battle every inch of the way. A tropical rain shot out of the world somewhere toward the middle of it, but it roared down scarcely noticed. The smiling boy from Genoa lost the decision, but on shore that night he was treating his friends—clean, husky lads from the Middle West—and none the worse for wear. The Mexican had duties aboard ship, but the friends who had yelled for him and begged him to “knock the smile off the Wop” didn’t forget him now. “He’s a good kid—Mex,” they agreed, puffing their shore cigars. The cruiser had just come down from several months in Mexican waters, whence she might any day be recalled; but men appear to insist on getting on well together, though those who govern them rage and imagine vain things. Sentries have always, apparently, given each other the top of the morning across the lines.

The Honest Grafter's Lexicon

POLITICS DO ENRICH THE LANGUAGE. The other day Representative THERON AKIN of New York spoke of Highway Commissioner CARLISLE's list of jobs given to political leaders as his “pie book.” Some one else in the same State speaks of delivering a \$41,250 “boatload of stone for GAFFNEY.” Just what GAFFNEY exchanged for this “boatload of stone” we aren’t sure. Probably “expert advice.” We should like to know just what the difference is between “dough” and “pie”; we suspect that “dough” is a little more “raw” than pie—but is that all? Out in Kansas, when Mr. BRISTOW recklessly announced his candidacy for reelection to the Senate, he was greeted by all the Republican press (we quote WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE) “with the ‘glad ax.’” Our dictionary makers will have to work more than union hours to keep up with the word coinage of up-to-the-minute politics.

The Serpent's Tooth in Ireland

RICHARD CROKER started as a gang leader in one of the New York wards and rose to be head of Tammany Hall. After years of power, intrigue, and association with the basest and wealthiest elements that have ever disgraced our politics, he retired to win the English Derby and be a country gentleman in Ireland. The bitterness of death itself must have stirred in the soul of CHARLES FRANCIS MURPHY when a letter of CROKER's was published containing this sentiment:

The Hall will never win under MURPHY's management. I hope some good man will get in and drive all them grafters and contractors out.

CROKER knows MURPHY and MURPHY's crowd, and MURPHY knows it!

Solved!

ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO we queried: “Why So Few Murphys?” And yet the solution is easy enough after all. With CHARLES F. MURPHY the most unpopular man in New York City, and CHARLES WEBB MURPHY the most unpopular man in Chicago and in all baseball, a sizable percentage of the self-respecting folks named MURPHY must have either skulked away in shame and hidden, or else had their names changed.

Nerve

THE NERVE of some whole-souled muck spreaders is illustrated in the case of a six-reel film manufactured from a certain sensational novel dealing with white slavery. This photodrama (we do not propose to advertise it by giving its name) has claimed the indorsement of J. D. ROCKEFELLER, ALEXANDER F. IRVINE, EDWIN MARKHAM, MAUD NATHAN, DR. SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN, J. B. KERFOOT, LILLIAN D. WALD, and several periodicals, including COLLIER's. We have communicated with a number of these fellow “indorsers,” who include poets, millionaires, editors, social workers, and religious teachers, and we find that they, like ourselves, are quite innocent of what they are charged with. A typical letter is that of Miss LILLIAN D. WALD of the Henry Street Settlement in New York:

The use of my name in connection with the film drama . . . is entirely unauthorized. When the book appeared I did write to Mr. KAUFFMAN my appreciation . . . I do not approve of the commercialized and uncontrolled presentation of the subject matter.

Another of the critics named writes:

I can imagine no possible reason, except that of gathering fungus while the sun's under a cloud, for exploiting this crude piece of pioneer work in a movie form.

The persons listed as indorsing this photoplay were once careless enough to express a favorable opinion of the purpose behind an author's novel. The novel having been dramatized in the movies, these influential persons are advertised as “indorsing” the result. Somebody's taste is at fault here, and people will be a little careful how they compliment Mr. REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN on his next novel.

Bringing up the Rear Guard

THE TRUTH about American business enterprises is not necessarily all a knock. Here is an exact, though somewhat poetic, statement of it—the effect of American farm machinery on the backward places of the earth:

We go into a land stricken and barren and unprogressive, a land where women are hitched to the plows and men strive all day in the sun for a bare living, and we hand them the magic power of machinery. We make it possible for one man in an hour to do the day's work of three. We remove forever the haunting dread of famine; the joy of living takes the place of bitter struggle. The people are left emancipated to new happiness and education and real worship.

For the Postmaster General

TWO YEARS AGO the British Post Office was taking over the telephones and promising to lower rates. No rates have been lowered. Now the British Post Office is promising that telephone rates will not be raised, at least for the present. Mr. BURLESON can find much to interest him in English newspaper comment on this contrast between promise and performance.

Newer

SOMETHING newer yet than the sign in a saloon in Burlington, Tex. (“I ask you to think of those at home before you spend your money here”) is one that hangs in an El Paso saloon. We haven't seen it ourselves, but H. M. STANLEY writes:

This El Paso saloon is in a tough section of the city and has a sign about two by three feet in size hanging in the center of the mirror behind the bar, where everyone in the place can see it, as well as those passing on the street. The sign is painted in large black letters on a white background, as follows:

*If your children need shoes,
Don't blow yourself for booze.
We don't need money that bad.*

It is a poor kind of shop that has to warn its customers against the folly of spending money in it.

The Gleam

“THE UNDERWORLD!” That word has been bandied about much of late. It is used to hint at poverty, crime, vice, the petrification of ambition, the utter extinction of nobility of character, and sodden degradation without a redeeming trait. Some even use it with a covert sneer. But listen to what happened when a ramshackle old lodging house in New York's underworld caught fire:

A crowd of Park Row human flotsam and jetsam and boys of the neighborhood bent their backs and bunched themselves together to break the force of the jumps made by seven women from the third floor of the burning building. The jump was more than thirty feet, but the women were saved.

Only one needed a surgeon's attention, but some of the men walked away with bruised backs, with heads cut by flying heels and arms strained by the impact. Most of those who made up this human life net said gruffly they had no names when information was sought. Others were willing to say JOHNNY DI MARTINO, PATSY JAMES, BOGO, JOHNNY PASOLA, Kid LIMBINO, CHINKIE, the WOP, and such like. The addresses were: “Oh, around here.”

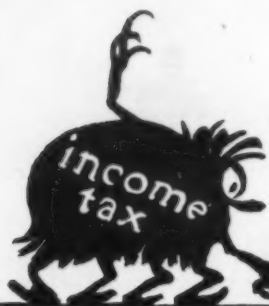
Which means “Nowhere at all.” How many self-satisfied householders who take their comfortable homes as a matter of course, who smugly regard themselves as pillars of the community, could have done better?

Rediscovery of the Soul

BERGSON's election to the French Academy gave opportunity for the repetition of the fine phrase that the greatest of recent discoveries is not radium or flying, but the rediscovery of the soul. All honor to Professor HENRI BERGSON, and any number of green coats he likes—but he is not the only discoverer of the soul. In a thousand places on the habitable globe men of late have been making precisely that discovery. A quarter of a century ago, when the great wave of German materialism was at its height, idealism seemed overwhelmingly buried, hardly showing a vestige above the flood. Souls were a dead and outworn fashion, a grotesque fancy of poets, fanatics, and divines. Our lives under the sun were merely a matter of cell growth, osmosis, and a set of chemical reactions. HAECKEL, that master mind of fact, still lives to deny recognition to anything like an immortal soul, in the name of nineteenth-century science. But for all that, the wave has broken into an infinity of fragments. A thousand watchers in a thousand places have rediscovered the soul and heard its voice in their own inner silences. EUCKEN in Germany and BERGSON in France, those homes of materialism and mere intellect, have made their voices heard above the din, and once again the soul is coming into her own.

Pickups

By Grantland Rice



Hailing Spring

IT'S Spring again—in the wind-swept streets,
Where the gale sweeps in from the ice-
rimmed river;

*It's Spring again in the frozen beats
Where the line swings on with a shake and shiver;
We know that shades of the winter gloom
Over the snow-bound trail we tramp,
But it's Spring to us who have heard the boom
Of the first base hit in the training camp.*

*It's Spring again—though the frozen rose
Still waits in vain for the sun-kissed leaven;
It's Spring again—though the copper's nose
Is as indigo as an April heaven;
We know that the winds of the wild North crash
Where the air is shivery, raw, and damp,
But it's Spring to us who have heard the smash
Of the first base hit in the training camp.*

In Preparation

IN CHICAGO recently a well-known but light-weighted social leader involved in the mazes of the tango or turkey trot, or perhaps the Carolina Clutch, was thrown to the floor, following a collision, with his shoulder blade broken.

Since the Dansante Rules Committee has so far refused to put into effect the regulations and the penalties we suggested to debrutalize this sport, we add another suggestion in the way of training for the afternoon or nightly grapple.

Why not establish a spring training camp for dancers where the entries can ride an avalanche down some mountain side or can be set upon by wild boars or gorillas through two twenty-minute sessions each day?

Or if this could not be arranged, why not a semi-weekly collision with a motorcycle tearing off some sixty-five miles an hour within two steps of a rock-embowered ditch? Or, as Byron almost said:

*You train for baseball playing yet,
And eke for football's robust fun;
With these two lessons why forget
The rougher and the tougher one?*

The Sempiternals

MATHEWSON and Plank, the two veterans of the box, are now planning to start their fourteenth campaigns under the Big Tent. These two ancient ruins closed out the last World Series' campaign with the greatest pitching exhibition of the year, and, from what we gather, both are ready to resume again where they left off, to be listed still as masters of the mound. Sooner or later old Doc Time calls for them all, but it takes a stalwart to give the old Doc a battle through fourteen years on the Big League firing line and still lead the pitching charge.

A Message from the Alamo

IT IS a trifle difficult for anyone who has read the story of the fall of the Alamo to be surprised at any Mexican atrocity upon either side. Descendants from those who composed Santa Anna's army are now enlisted with both factions, and this can leave but one answer.

When an army of 4,000 can watch for three or four days the superheroic work of 200 men standing to the odds of 20 to 1 without a quiver or a cry, and when the 4,000 can rush upon the ten or twelve survivors for murder and torture, no brief gap of seventy or eighty years can find that race pointed toward civilization.

There is a Texas legend which reads:

"THERMOPYLÆ HAD ONE MESSENGER OF DEFEAT;
THE ALAMO HAD NONE."

The Alamo may have had no messenger, but it had a message to flash. And this was that Mexico didn't belong.

Federal League Gossip

MICHIGAN is now deeply interested in the rumor that the Federal League is tampering with Charley Brickley. It is said that Coach Yost believes that Brickley would make an ideal manager for a Fed team in Asia Minor next fall.

The Feds have promised fair treatment to all players rounded up. They will make no attempt to sign Walter Johnson for any club. Frank Baker will also be barred.

Brave Life

WE KNOW the price that all have paid
Who fell around us;
We know how soon the laurels fade
That one day crowned us;
We know the cheapness of all Fame
For prince or drover—
Yet, by the rood, we'll play the Game
Until it's over.

*We'd rather win, but when defeat
Comes grinding, crushing,
We heed its lesson as we meet
Fate's next wild rushing;
Not for Fame's crest to stand upon,
In blazoned order,
But for the thrill of fighting on
Beyond the border.*

*We've felt the stab of foe and friend,
And now forsaken,
No star shines for us at the end
Of roads we've taken;
But when the last dim lamp is lit,
By land or water,
No man can ever say we quit
Or called for quarter.*

The End of the Tour

WHEN Colonel Caesar returned to Rome with the reeking scalp of Gaul at his belt, the populace are reported to have made his chariot wheels look like a flower garden in the pink, green, and purple of condition. But Caesar's reception will be well-nigh bush compared to that awaiting Messrs. Comiskey, McGraw, and Callahan back from their jaunt around the fairly well-known sphere.

Reports indicate that the tourists made a tremendous hit in Japan and China, but that in Australia the natives esteemed cricket as much the better game. Which sums up Australia's status without further comment. Also that while the Sphinx and the Pyramids were given press seats, neither resembled the cross section of a Chicago or New York grand stand with the bases full and Mathewson pitching to Zimmerman. But in any summing up, while the world at large may only be able to show the same amount of silver and gold it held before, it is a good bit richer in having had the fragrant odor of the two-base hit and the double play extended some 20,000 miles beyond its original habitat. Baseball, lifted from America, would leave a terrific gap. Expanded and extended for the remainder of the universe it would add many a wonderful afternoon of hope and dream and thrill that nothing else could ever hope to round out in any such perfect form.

The world tourists are welcome home. And the welcome will linger until one of them boots an infield tap or fans with the tying run on third. After which—

Reechoes

YOU can't always tell, but when you've finished a session of golf or poker with a new acquaintance you can make a pretty good guess.

A man who is honest merely because it pays has a big-league brain and a bush-league soul.

Fate, they say, can't keep a good man down; but it can establish him in a strangely recumbent position for quite a spell at certain odd times.

It takes Luck to win any championship—but always Luck plus the rest of it.

Going against the other fellow's game is as sensible an undertaking as trying to beat a steel girder dropped from the crest of a skyscraper. Even if you win, you lose.

A Song of Old Dreams

SOMETIMES, amid the tumult and the throng,
We hear an old, sweet song;
A broken strain from one we used to hear,
Back in some yesteryear;
A melody, borne through the drifting haze
Of Life's forgotten days;
The tumult dies around us, strangely thrilled,
With roar of traffic stilled; [then
Our eyes are dimmed—our hearts turn back—and
We dream old dreams again.

*Sometimes, beneath Love's new-found, smiling skies
Remembered perfumes rise;
An incense from the violet or rose,
Where summer's south-wind blows;
Lost fragrance from old lanes of mignonette,
That Love cannot forget;
And in the twilight or the dawn we turn
To where old altars burn;
And new-found Love must bide its moment then—
We dream old dreams again.*

*And then, like silent ghosts from memory's tomb,
They come in night's deep gloom;
Gray ghosts, uprisen from the dreamless dead,
They come with phantom tread,
Without excuse, as restless winds of spring,
That wander, whispering;
And jeer that we have gone so far away
From what we dreamed one day;
We cry to God, as in the silence then,
Old wounds gape wide again.*

The Man with the Dough

MR. MARKHAM was able to bring much sympathy to bear upon the downtrodden with his appeal known as "The Man with the Hoe." With the income tax now under way, isn't there some equally handy bard around to sing the burdens of "The Man with the Dough"? For it is the latter now who faces all the drear pangs of poverty and penury and poignant pain.

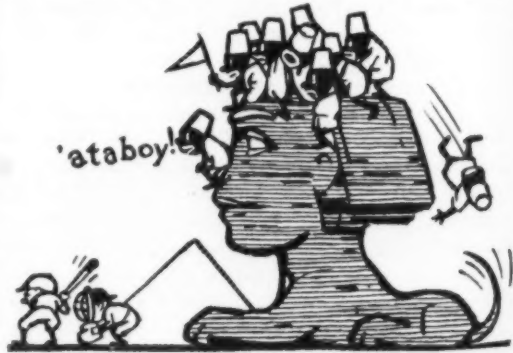
For example, a man with an income of \$500,000 a year must now pay a tax of \$35,000. By employing here the iron and rigid laws of gravity and simple subtraction we find this leaves him but \$465,000 a year to live on. Unfair and unjust? More than that. It simply can't be done. Why, it's almost impossible to keep over two yachts and five automobiles on that piker's stipend.

Outclassed

THE old-time dances now are gone,
The new have got me treed,
And so between the each of them
I sit at home and read.

Technical Is Correct

YOU have often heard of golfers handicapped by a slice, a hook, or by other faults in which Scotia's wonderful pastime abounds. But we know of one who is up against a much harder break. As a friend of his remarked: "The Colonel is a fine fellow, and in all other things as honest as the day. But in golf he is up against a technical difficulty. He can't count over six and, unfortunately, he never made a hole in six in his life."



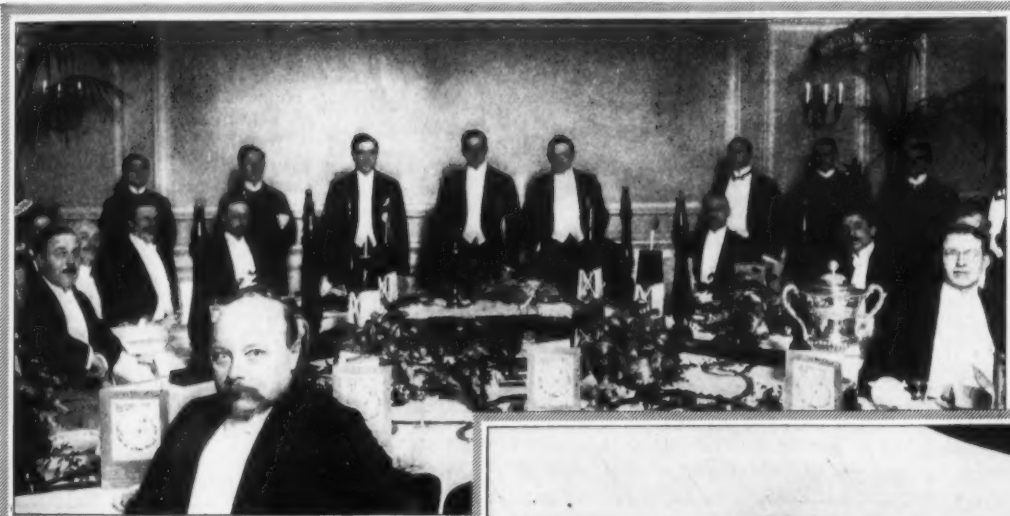


A San Francisco Public Bonfire That Cost \$20,000

ON the old City Hall grounds in San Francisco a few weeks ago 5,000 spectators watched a \$20,000 bonfire. It was prepared at the direction of the California

State Board of Pharmacy. The fuel was 500 opium pipes and 10,000 packages and tins of opium and other confiscated drugs. Our photographs are a general view of

the scene and a close-range picture of the bonfire. The costly kindling wood—some of it mounted with gold and silver ornaments—was hung on wires to catch all the flames.



A Topsy-Turvy Dinner to a Pair of Upside-Downs

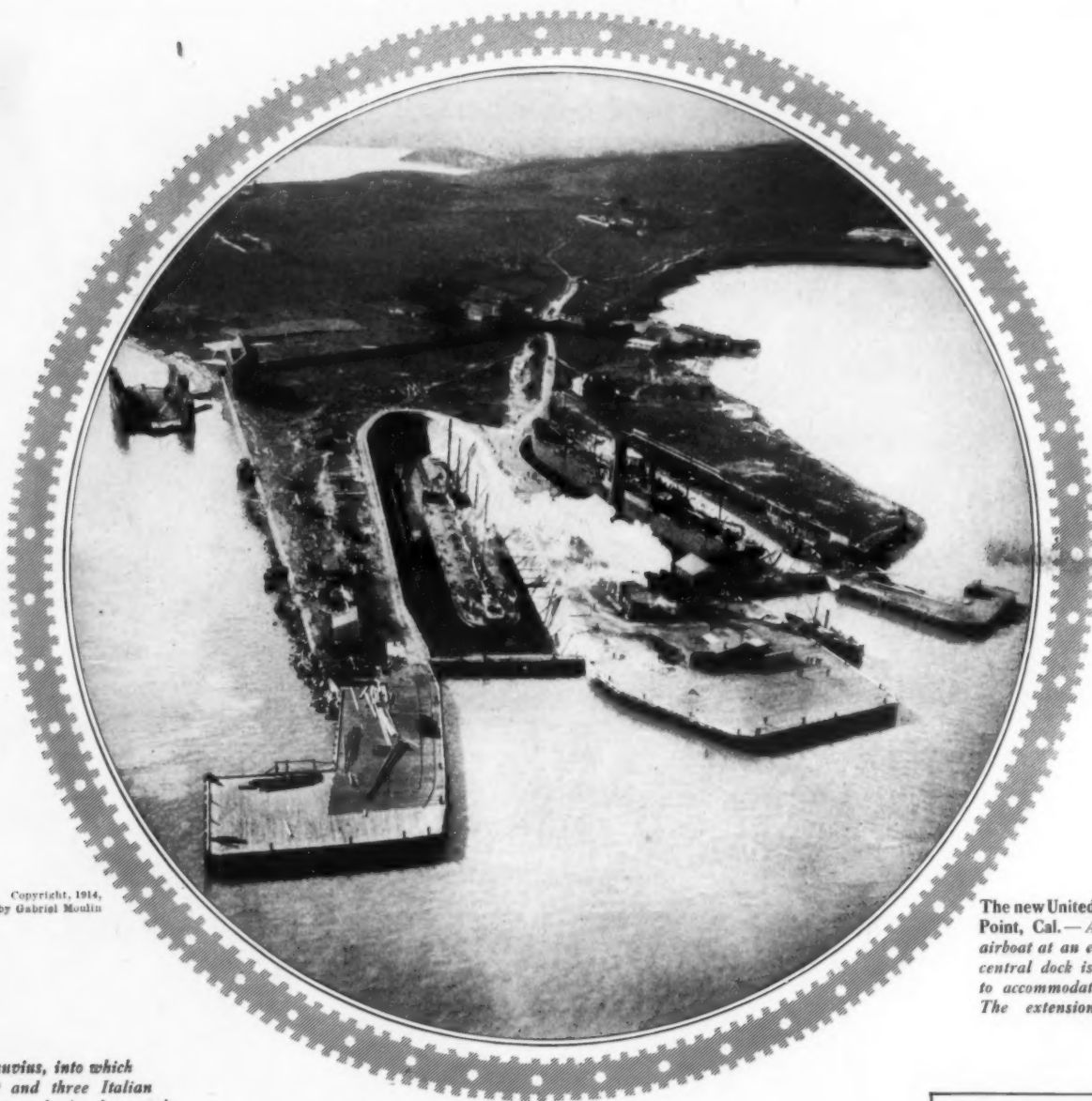
TABLE legs pointing toward the ceiling furnished only one of many points of consistency at the Royal Automobile Club's dinner to England's pioneer upside-down and loop-the-loop aviators, Gustav Hamel and B. C. Hucks. The menu was served reverse order, the hors d'œuvres course last. Gerald Biss, one of the guests, reporting his experiences for the "Tatler," writes:

"First the cigars were passed round and then, happy touch, the toothpicks—admirable if inelegant adjuncts to any Lucullan banquet, often delayed unduly long from a false sense of delicacy. . . . Then upside-down pipes, best tobacco in that form should be preferred, and so to work—a small quantity of coffee very hot and very strong to serve the function of soup—coffee 'thick or clear'—and give inner man the necessary gastronomic fillip, all served by waiters in mechanics' overalls, with squares of aeroplane cloth for napkins. . . . The savory creamed haddock, the sweet two spoonfuls of apple soufflé, hardly sweetened, thereby surmounting the chief epicurean difficulty; next, asparagus with a sharp, clean sauce to correct the palate, followed by snipe breast downward and head upward à la Hamel; a vol-au-vent, light as air, that simply flew round the table; the lamb of Pauillac—at this point one had quite forgotten the backward feeling and all seemed as usual."

In our flashlight photograph above the three central figures (standing) are, left to right, Mr. Hamel, Claude Grahame-White, and Mr. Hucks.



THE SIGHT OF AIRCRAFT has become so familiar in Pasadena, Cal., that Roy Knabenshue, captain of the dirigible which docks in that port, observes that school children playing in Pasadena's streets often do not trouble nowadays to look up when the big airship glides by. Perhaps if the snapshot below showed Pasadena in sharper focus, it might pass as one of our "Unconventional Portraits of American Cities." Or would blase Pasadena kids call it "conventional"?



Copyright, 1914,
by Gabriel Moulin

The new United States dry-docks at Hunters Point, Cal.—A snapshot made from an airboat at an elevation of 800 feet. The central dock is to be made large enough to accommodate the largest ships afloat. The extensions will cost \$2,000,000

The central crater of Vesuvius, into which an American journalist and three Italian guides descended to explore and take photographs

Copyright by Alfredo D'Agostino



A Dinner of Celebration in an Airy "Belvedere"

AMONG steel beams, 240 feet above the earth, a company of workmen, engineers, architects, and contractors celebrated by a dinner the completion of the steel work on the lofty campanile which is to become the "campus clock tower" of the University of California. Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler,

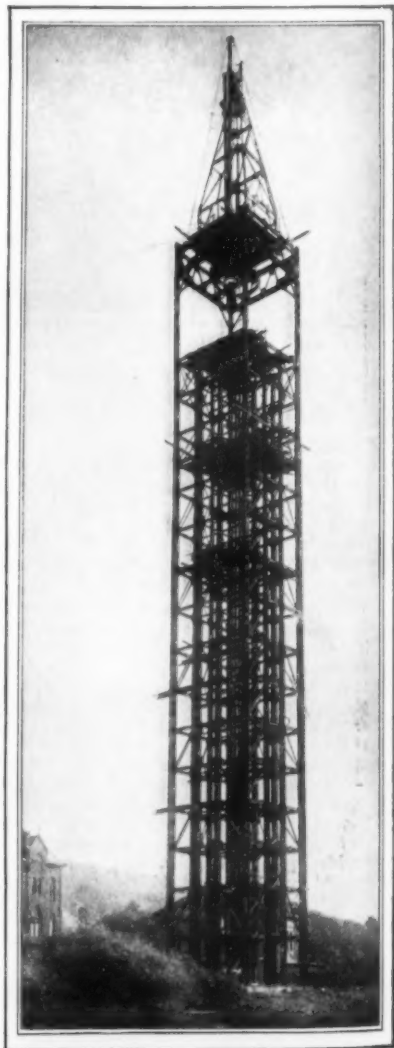


The central figure (with glasses) is the guest of honor, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler

president of the university, was the guest of honor. The dinner was served on the eighth level, the "Belvedere." The tower is 300 feet in height and 47 feet square, and will cost \$250,000. Mrs. Jane K. Sather is the donor. The campanile is to be dedicated as a monument to her husband.

Exploring in an Inferno for Motion Pictures

REFLECTED sunlight from a cloud of white smoke contributed to make a commercial success of the most daring of recent attempts to explore the crater of Vesuvius. Taking motion pictures as he went, Frederick Burlingham, an American, descended 1,212 feet into the central cone. At one point he and his three Italian companions were for twenty minutes in peril of suffocation. Where they halted they could hear the noise of boiling lava and a roar "like a great blast furnace."



The "Belvedere," where the dinner was served, is the campanile's eighth level—the open space near the top of the shaft

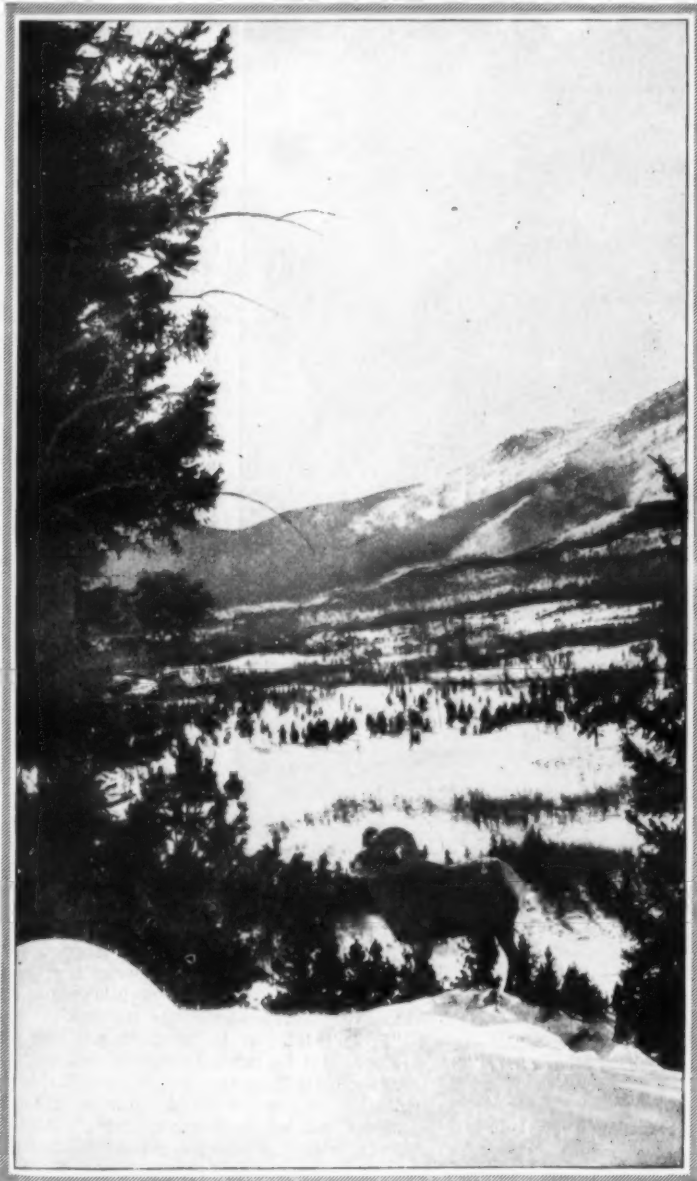


A snapshot of wild boars on the run. They are nearly as swift as a galloping horse

The High Cost of Boar Meat in Bavaria

THE sport of hunting wild boars has attained such popularity among Bavaria's royalty that it has even taken on a political aspect. The Minister of Finance is reported to have argued in favor of an increase of the King's civil list to \$1,350,000, on the ground that "the expenses of the royal hunting lodges and game preserves are not excessive, and that it is better that royalty should shoot and hunt than run after Venus, which is a still more expensive occupation." To which another official replied: "These are hard times for everybody, and the court ought to be sparing, too." Our photographs are of a recent boar hunt at Regensburg. Representatives of a number of the royal families of Bavaria were the huntsmen.

Copyright by Knox A. Mills



"Of North American big game, the bighorn of the Rockies will be, after the antelope, the next species to become extinct outside of protected areas"



Photograph by Paul Thompson

Boar meat for dinner!

A Snapshot Portrait of a Prince of the Crags

ENOS A. MILLS, one of America's most skillful snapshot sportsmen, bagged in Colorado the other day the photograph reproduced at the left. Colorado is one of the few States in which Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep have been protected so carefully that they are in no peril of extermination. William T. Hornaday predicts that "of North American big game, the bighorn of the Rockies will be, after the antelope, the next species to become extinct outside of protected areas. In the

United States that event is fast approaching. It is far nearer than even the big-game sportsmen realize."

Idaho "Rabbit Drives"

AS MANY as 300 horsemen often take part in the "drives" by means of which some of Idaho's agricultural districts are ridding themselves this winter of crop-destroying rabbits. In some of the large "drives" the number of rabbits killed runs into the thousands.



A few of the hundreds of rabbits caught in a "drive" at Rupert, Idaho. The bounty on their scalps was used as a fund to improve one of Rupert's streets

RICHARD grew alarmed at the distorted expression on her face so darkly flushed. "Dear mother—don't work yourself up so," he said, taking one of her hands from his arm and kissing it. "Men don't kill each other nowadays—at least not men like my uncle—"

"You don't know the Randolph temper as I do. It runs underground for years, then breaks out suddenly—wrecks everything. Why here, in this very house—your great grandfather killed a man with his bare hands. It was hushed up—but everyone knew—it's local history. Richard—promise me—promise me on your honor that you won't do any rash, mad thing!"

Her face was working so painfully, her eyes so burning, that he felt more and more alarmed. "Yes—yes—I promise," he said, putting his arm about her shoulders. "Please quiet yourself, mother. I will do just as you like."

Sally put her scorching cheek to his and held him a moment in silence. Then she said:

"I know how bitterly hard it all is—but it's best to get the first shock over with. It will never be as hard as this again."

"Again!" he echoed her morosely, swinging back in spite of his anxiety on her account to his former mood. "I was thinking just now that I'd rather be naturalized in some far country than have to go through this a second time. But women haven't the same feelings as men about such things. Their nerves aren't like ours. Look at you, mother—ill as you are, when it comes to facing this damnable situation—perfectly calm, perfectly collected. Look at her—"

SALLY gave him a quick, side-long glance.

"Do you find her changed, Richard?"

"I find her devilishly self-possessed—quite the queen. She touched my hand as if it had been a toad, and looked between my eyebrows."

Sally's lip curled with a cruel sneer.

"You could scarcely expect her to look you in the eyes."

He went on, not heeding her, his look fixed on his nervously jerking foot.

"Why, she wasn't even pale. She had such a color that she looked painted."

Sally's lip curled again.

"I dare say she was."

"Nonsense! She's too simple."

It was her turn to echo him.

"Simple! You don't know her. 'Simple!' Why, she's as cunning as a monkey. She twists them all around her little finger—Owen, Mary, her father, the servants—I am the only rebel in her little kingdom. And even I don't dare rebel openly." Her face had the expression of a snarl in the changeable firelight.

"Isn't she nice to you, mother?"

"As nice as I'll allow her to be."

"But wouldn't it be wise—"

"I'm as sick of wisdom as you are sometimes!" she exclaimed in a choked voice. "Sometimes I should like to turn fool myself just for the pleasure of strangling her. This shocked even Richard."

"Come, mother," he said. "I may play the hypocrite from force of circumstance—but I'm not really one. The wrong is on my side."

"We won't discuss it!" said his mother between locked teeth.

Richard had one of his curious touches of real dignity. "No—for there's no discussion possible on that question," he said. "I knew what I was doing. She did not. That's all that can be said. Please don't try to say anything else."

"Very well," she replied coldly.

They sat for some minutes without speaking.

World's-End

Chapter XV

The Passions in Conflict

By Amélie Rives

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL



"'Marriage sholy do become you.' Such dignity! Such hoity-toityness! Does your majesty think that your majesty could condescend to give me a kiss?"

Presently Sally said in an entirely different voice—a voice so changed that he looked up, startled:

"Richard—"

"Yes, mother?"

"I asked you to come to my room for a special reason. I wanted to talk to you about—the child."

That dark flush, so like the flush that came to his mother's face in moments of sharp emotion, came now to his.

"Well—" he said very low.

"The child is—is lovely, Richard."

"Is it like—"

"It's like her, most people think—but there's something. At times it is so like you when you were a baby, Richard, that it makes my heart stand still."

"You—you are—fond of it?"

"I'm human," said his mother in a hard voice, "after all, it's my grandchild."

"For God's sake, mother!" cried Richard, and got to his feet. His hands opened and shut nervously—the palms were wet.

"Sit down," said Sally quietly; "this, at least, is something that has to be discussed."

He sat down moodily, with the conventional obedience which he always gave her, and which he very rightly considered a part of perfect manners.

"I must say I can't see why we should discuss it," he said thickly.

Sally watched him from narrowed eyes.

"Perhaps," she said at last, "perhaps you too may find that you are human."

"What can you mean, mother?"

"Only that you must be doubly on your guard about this child. Oh, I know. You men have very lofty notions about the insignificance and absurdity of babies." She put her hot, dry hand again upon his knee. "Wait—wait until some chance lets you feel the touch of your own child—the little clinging hands—the little lips. Wait, till the flesh of your own child touches you, Richard! Then you'll thank me for having warned you."

This time he sprang up and began pacing the warm room, with its sweetly acrid odor from the vervain that Sally always used in her bath.

"I can't conceive of such a thing—" he muttered.

She had the Wise Woman's just sketched smile at her mouth's corner.

"Only be on your guard—that is all I ask," she said.

Richard went to one of the windows and stood looking out into the night. The shutters had not yet been closed, and the reflection of the wood fire in the panes of glass seemed to be burning among the branches of the tulip tree outside. He stared at it, knitting his straight-black brows, so like his mother's, and thrusting out his lower lip. Then he said without turning:

"Do you think they're happy, mother?"

"I think Owen is—for the present. He lives in a fool's paradise. He is besotted about her."

"And—she? Do you think she's happy?"

"How could she be? With me here—knowing. With you—knowing. She's a clever little actress. But a woman—even a right woman—doesn't forget her first love—her child's father—in the twinkling of an eye."

Richard gave an exclamation that was like a groan.

"Don't, mother. Don't—don't," he said.

"Very well. But be on your guard. Be on your guard every second, Richard."

OWEN tapped at Phoebe's door. There was an instant's pause, then her voice, very low, said close to the crack:

"I can't let you in now, dear. But I'm almost dressed. I'll be ready before the others."

"Poor child!" he thought. "Poor, little, courageous child. She can't even spare a moment from her desperate search for more courage." Aloud he said: "Never mind, sweetheart. I only wanted to know what you were going to wear."

"It's a new gown." A faint little laugh came through the crack of the door. "You've never seen it. Black and silver. I want to look very dignified and 'matronly.'"

He laughed, too, just to encourage her in her brave play acting, and called back: (Continued on page 20)

The Fugitive and His Judas

By
Marianne Gauss

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. E. SCHOONOVER

IT WAS afternoon, and all the town had gone to court to learn the fate of the three Black Knobbers who were on trial. Work was suspended on the near-by farms. No sound reached the hiding place of the last of this outlaw gang—Allen Spencer, who had shot a deputy sheriff—except the munching of some half-wild pigs as they cracked the immature hazelnuts about him. He lay in a thicket, a few rods from the jail and courthouse at the county seat. All there was lovely and quiet. The creek flowed near him; on its shadows—green and thick—the bushes appeared to rest their lower branches.

"They'll never git me alive!" said the outlaw through his teeth.

Yet his hiding place was the heart of a trap. A river ran between him and the mountain top, where he knew every cave and covert, and its banks were patrolled constantly by those who hoped for the five hundred dollars reward offered by the county.

Somewhere near the cabin of his friend, Balaam White, he would find a sheltered place for his night's rest. A week before the outlaw had made an unsuccessful attempt to swim the river almost under the eyes of his enemies. He had barely escaped capture and had lost his revolver in the stream. "Balaam'll hev to think up some plan and git me across that river," he said to himself. "I can't do it alone."

He was waiting to learn the fate of his three friends. Creeping through the thicket toward the courthouse, a slight rustling startled him. Instantly he grew motionless; his very heart seemed to stop as he flattened his body on the earth under the fragrant weeds.

It was only a rabbit, frightened at his approach. The little creature, which had moved and then remained motionless like the man, leaped high again and ran away. The outlaw understood its joy in eluding pursuit, the sense of triumph, the happily bounding heart. His eyes sparkled, following the nimble feet and the long ears pink with blood. He knew the wild thing enjoyed the race for life. To increase its thrill—"Hi! Run!" he whispered, his face to the ground.

As sunset approached, Black Knob stood out against the west. Clouds scurried about its top. Up at the cave, where once the Knobbers had gathered, the wind would blow all night. It seemed a long time since he and the rest of the gang used to meet there at midnight, and ride down, masked, into the valley.

DUSK came on. There were a few stars, and fireflies appeared in the sinister yard of the jail with its high board fence. Spencer delayed till he thought the twilight would screen him from observation, then crept close to a fence which separated his thicket from the weedy lawn of a little church opposite the courthouse. A bell rang for mid-week prayer meeting. The man waited till he heard the wheeze of the organ, then parted some hazel bushes and looked across into the room where his friends were. Lamps had been lighted; he saw clearly.

The three prisoners sat very close together, facing the rear of the room. The oldest was about twenty-two, the youngest—one of the turbulent Hyde family—barely of an age to be legally hanged. They crouched a little like trapped animals.

Near the front of the audience was Balaam White, the only man of the Black Knobber gang who had not been involved in the murders. There was nothing of the bandit in White's appearance; his head was high and narrow, his nose thin, and he had large cheekbones sullenly flushed by the sun. His alliance with the Black Knobbers resulted from a desire to punish certain personal enemies.

Young Spencer trusted this man. Balaam stood in his debt for life or liberty. The shot which made the boy an outlaw—that unlucky shot that killed a deputy sheriff—had been fired in defense of Balaam White. It was in that battle with the posse, fought when the Knobbers made their last stand together. Afterward, as Balaam had done no actual shooting, the prosecutor let him go back to his mountain cabin, his wife and eight children. But the killing of an officer was a crime never condoned in that part of Missouri, and some day Spencer must die for it. Under such circumstances treachery from Balaam seemed to him impossible.

From Balaam, seated in the courtroom free as any man, the outlaw looked at the prisoners. He knew how their hearts were beating—like the heart in a trapped wild rabbit when a man puts his hand on it.

He could not hear the verdict read, but he heard a woman scream—it was the mother of the Hyde boy.



When people began coming from the courthouse, Spencer crept back through the thicket till he reached a road by which nearly all who lived out of town would return home. Near this, concealed by the weeds, he stretched his slight, muscular body against the earth. A mocking bird began singing near him, but stopped when two men approached on horseback.

Where the road forked, near Spencer's hiding place, these stopped to talk—one was a reporter from a Springfield paper. The outlaw listened eagerly, but they did not mention the verdict. "You-uns want to make some real easy money?" the mountain man was asking the reporter.

"Sure thing!" he replied.

"Then git out en 'rest this hyah yother Knobber. Yaas, Mister, that's who I mean—Allen Spencer. You-uns'll find plenty Spencers round hyah, en all of 'em favor, too, this hyah Ally—he's plum lak a cousin of his that got hung five year ago for a shootin'. Ef you-uns happen to meet up with any slim fellow, with real black eyes, y' can 'low he's a Spencer. Ride up to him en 'low you-uns es a deppity sheriff en y'd lak to 'rest him peaceable. Ef it's Ally, he'll show by how he acts."

"Well—if it turns out to be the outlaw?"

"Then he'll kill you." The mountain man spat and resumed: "Looks lak ef all them Holts wuz daid, en all them Spencers got hung fer killin' 'em, things sholy would be more peacefuller. Maybe then cawn could git a chance to grow."

"But that Ally—he sholy is worse than them yother Spencers. Ef he ketcht sight of any Holts, it'd be lak a puppy ketchin' sight of a cat. En all the devils in hell cayn't stop him when he gits started."

"What all do you know about this outlaw?" queried the reporter. "Wait, I'll ride on a piece with you."

SEVERAL horses and buggies passed. At last, creaking slowly from the town, came Balaam White's wagon. The lantern swinging in front revealed a mass of vivid pink in its bed. Mrs. White and five of her daughters—all dressed from the same bolt of calico—had accompanied Balaam to town. The outlaw did not feel sure he ought to trust the secret of his hiding place to feminine discretion, and, while he hesitated, Fletcher appeared.

Fletcher was the editor of the "Weekly Herald" in town. He rode rapidly after and hailed Balaam, who brought his discouraged team to a halt.

"Well—the editor stopped his horse—"did the trial turn out as you expected?"

Balaam nodded. "Yaas, I 'lowed as we-uns driv in it'd go that-a-way."

"And they say they'll have Allen Spencer in a few days? He's caught on the wrong side of the river?" There was an eager note in the editor's voice; he had always displayed a curious affection for young Spencer—and the outlaw knew and counted on Fletcher as he did on Balaam White. Fletcher was a bookish man.

When Spencer was in his teens he had tried to induce him to go to school; he used to say the boy was a poet. "I'm afraid somebody'll sell him out"—he went on—"for that five hundred. You know Job Jessup gave his own brother-in-law away; that was the Hyde boy they tried to-day—looked about eighteen, poor fellow! I was told Job would have got Allen Spencer too, only Allen was too smart for him. He's pretty shy of trusting people."

"Looks lak Ally, he's mighty wild; he don't put trest in nobody only Balaam"—Mrs. White pushed back the sunbonnet from a brown face. "Not to say Balaam has dealin's with a lawbreaker lak Ally," she added nervously.

"I feel bad about Ally. You see, a thing like"—Fletcher jerked his thumb toward the courthouse—"all that goes with a thing like that would be worse for him. He's got so much imagination. He's a kind of poet." After reflecting a moment: "We can't frame our laws for poets," he resumed. "There aren't many poets."

Balaam's wife had been a school-teacher in those old days when the profession commanded three dollars a week. She eagerly tried to follow the editor. "I reckon not," she assented. "I reckon hit ain't every boy could make a poet—a gittin' all them wo'ds spelt out right."

ABRUPTLY Balaam broke in: "That ar Job Jassup—he never done a day's wo'k in his life. En now he's rich!"

"I hope Allen's old friends would rather go without that sort of money," Fletcher commented. "Five hundred isn't a great price for a man's soul." He looked rather searchingly at the other man, who gave him no answer.

Balaam's shoulders were bent like a cripple's; his face, in the yellow lantern light, looked seamed and aged. He had eight children to feed by felling trees for a timber company at fifty cents a day. Still silent and brooding, he started his horses.

"Don't you want the paper mailed out yo' way?" asked the editor. "You folks can read."

Mrs. White replied with firmness: "No, we-uns wouldn't use no mo' papers. That's a pile o' papers up yander to our house; ben thar goin' on two year. Peck 'em up en read on 'em—make real good readin'."

The wagon creaked on up the hill, and Fletcher turned toward town. The outlaw had never done anything of importance for the editor; he had amused him sometimes with mimicry of the mountain people, or songs of his own invention, sung in the "Herald" office to the tune of a banjo—but there was no serious obligation, as in Balaam's case. Yet he felt sure of kindness from Fletcher. He threw a green nut. The editor dismounted when it struck his saddle and peered into the dark thicket.

"How did the trial go, Fletcher?"

"They're all three to hang," said the editor.

After a silence, Spencer burst forth: "En thar they lay, lak squerrels in a trap!" As a vivid imagination presented the truth to him, his body quivered and moisture broke out on his face—he had great capacity to suffer. "God knows I never helt a livin' creature in a trap. When I kill, I kill, ef it's only a squirrel. I

killed a deputy—he lak to shoot me en I killed him. Why cayn't they do me as I done—shoot me on sight? That's again' the law, is it? Then I'm again' the law, en hope to die again' it!" As he thus cried out for a return to the days of the Blood Avenger, he looked wild as some warrior-poet centuries ago.

"You played the fool, Allen," said Fletcher. "What made you buck up against the county? It's bigger than you are."

"Fletcher—I lost my gun. Lend me yo's."

The editor started. "Of co'se, Ally, that'd be a crime, on my part. I've got along without breaking the law."

"Don't let 'em git me alive!" implored his friend—and Fletcher gave him the pistol. The outlaw vanished with it as suddenly as a bird in a bush.

He had a horse concealed in the cemetery. When the moon was up that night he took a mountain trail leading toward the river, which was the boundary of his trap. He did not hear the hoofbeats behind him. But there was a mocking bird in a thicket he passed about midnight. It stopped its singing abruptly. The outlaw at once took alarm, dismounted, left the road, and hid. His horse breathed hard and pushed her nose against his face. The moon was so bright that the outlaw recognized his pursuer—a young fellow with a red mustache. Once he and Allen Spencer had been cronies. "Y' God-forgotten, red-headed wood-pecker!" muttered the outlaw. Then, concealed by the bush, he crept backward through the weeds. When a stick snapped noisily he broke into a run, dragging his horse after him.

IT WAS almost morning when he finally neared Balaam White's cabin. On the bluff there, where the wild grass grew very high, he rested a while, waiting for daylight. Below him was the river, across which he had been unable to make his way. There was a ford. But White's was not the only cabin near; a black shadow near the stream indicated the home of a man who had been watching the ford for weeks, hoping to apprehend the outlaw and earn the bounty money. "There's one hope for me—Balaam," said Spencer to himself. "Ef Balaam cayn't git me across this river, I won't last long now."

He saw the dark top of the mountain grow streaked with silver. A gulch near him remained very black, but below, where the river went wide and shallow,

was a sparkle of little waves like fish scales. The sun struck sharply across the black gulch and bright rays flashed downhill through trees whitened by mist. On top of Black Knob the rocks turned gold; a bush at the edge of the gulch seemed on fire, but was not consumed. Glory filled the man's soul as the red morning was reflected from his eyes.

When Balaam appeared at the barn he went down. Balaam let his pail fall, startled by the figure in the doorway. Young, wild, it was framed by the light just getting down to the cabin. "My hawse needs a good feed," said the outlaw; and Balaam nodded, with his face turned away. But he watched furtively while the measure was heaped with lavishness. Even a little grain was much to Balaam.

WHEN, after feeding his horse, the outlaw returned to the barn, he took Fletcher's pistol apart for readjustment; and Balaam watched, his thin, poverty-bitten face in shadow, his eyes intent on the deft hands at work. On one of them a finger curled backward—helpless. It had been broken by the last shot of the deputy sheriff this man had killed for Balaam's sake.

The outlaw looked up suddenly. "Balaam," he said, "I reckon down there at the county seat, you-uns is helt a mighty good man." As he spoke he laid on the ledge beside him a tiny piece from his pistol. It slipped to the floor, where Balaam covered it with his ragged shoe.

Upon the silence came the sound of a horse's feet. Instantly the outlaw began putting his pistol together. He felt along the ledge, then stooped to examine the floor.

"Balaam—that hammer spring out'n my gun!"

Balaam was slowly drawing in his foot. The sound of hoofs grew distinct. "You-uns laid something on that ar lidge, Ally."

The outlaw examined the ledge again, and dropped to his knees to search the floor. A man rode in at the gate.

Springing to his feet—"Lend me a gun, Balaam!" cried the outlaw.

"I ain't got no gun no mo'!" huskily replied his friend.

"They tell me the devil guv five hundred for Job Jassup's soul," remarked the outlaw. "I reckon yous'll cost him less"

"It's a lie! Y've sold me out some way, y're—Judas!"

"Hit ain't so, Ally!" protested Balaam. "Hit ain't so—"

The outlaw did not hear him; in his despair—as the sound of hoofs drew nearer and some one rode in at Balaam's gate—he swept his hands along the barn floor. Silvers from the rough wood ran under his nails and drew a great deal of blood; but he found nothing.

He got to his feet. In the rear of the barn stood a man with a small red mustache, a revolver in his hand.

The outlaw did not throw up his hands at command, but seized his useless pistol and made a feint to fire. The other perceived the ruse and would not kill him. By this time another man had arrived at the barn. The outlaw recognized him as the occupant of that little cabin next the river. A huge, stupid fellow he was, with a harelip; and his eyes, which had watched so eagerly in hope of the county's blood money, were bleared and dull. He helped the red-haired man to lay hold on the outlaw.

Spencer was strong like a cat in spite of his slenderness. He fought with all his strength, and with his wildness and his passion for freedom. Then he fought with his despair. But the others—both heavier men—threw on him their combined weight and slowly conquered him.

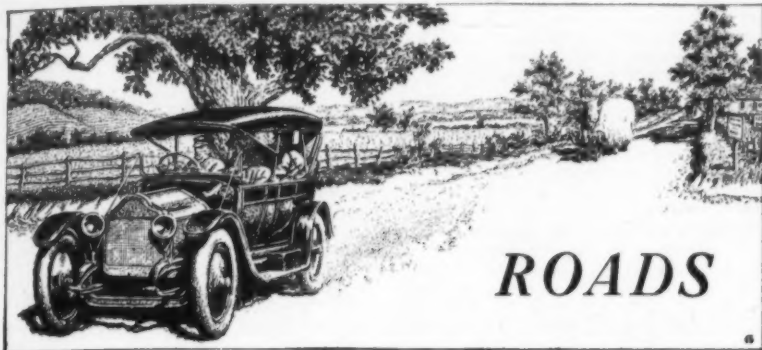
At last he lay still on the barn floor. A rope taken from Balaam's haymow was wound about his body, pinioning his arms and legs.

"They tell me the devil guv five hundred for Job Jassup's soul," remarked the outlaw. "I reckon yous'll cost him less. Y'll have to divide with Balaam. How much does this yother fellow git?" He looked at the broad, stupid face, then at the red-haired man's, and reached a shrewd conclusion. "Nothin'!" he jeered. "Y' don't mean to say y'll git as much as two hundred and fifty?" he demanded of the red-haired man.

HIS former crony made no answer.

"I sholy hate to see the devil cheated lak that. Yo' little soul ain't wo'th the money, Jimmy. He's too good a friend of yo's for you to hol' him up that way. But then I reckon friendship don't count with you when you come to make a bargain. If you made account of friends, (Continued on page 31)





ROADS

For All the People

By Congressman DORSEY W. SHACKLEFORD

IN RESPONSE to a universal demand for Federal aid to the States in the construction and maintenance of post roads, I introduced in the Sixty-second Congress what is known as the Shackelford Bill. It passed the House by a vote of 240 to 86, but failed in the Senate. A subsequent study of the measure led me to believe that, while its principles were correct, it was essentially defective in some of its details. Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia and I have endeavored to correct these defects, and we feel that we have succeeded as well as could be expected. The new measure, known as the Shackelford-Hoke Smith Bill, provides that a sum not to exceed \$25,000,000 may be expended annually to aid the States and subdivisions thereof on the following basis:

One-third in the proportion which the total area of such State bears to the total area of all of the States; one-third in the proportion which the total population of such State bears to the total population of all of the States, as shown by the last preceding Federal census; and one-third in the proportion which the total number of miles of rural post roads in such State bears to the total number of miles of rural post roads in all of the States, as shown by the report of the Postmaster General at the close of the second quarter of the last preceding fiscal year.

Uncle Sam Bears One-Third of Cost
The Secretary of Agriculture and the proper State authorities are to determine the post roads to be constructed and maintained, and the United States is to defray not more than half of the expense. The post roads are divided into three classes, which are described thus:

Class A shall embrace roads upon which no incline is steeper than is reasonably necessary, in view of the natural topography of the locality, well drained, with a road track composed of macadam, or other material of equal utility and cost, constructed and maintained in such manner that it shall have continuously a smooth, firm surface.

Class B shall embrace roads upon which no incline is steeper than is reasonably necessary, in view of the natural topography of the locality, well drained, with a road track composed of gravel or other material of equal utility and cost, but less expensive than macadam, constructed and maintained in such manner that it shall have continuously a smooth, firm surface.

Class C shall embrace roads upon which no incline is steeper than is reasonably necessary in view of the natural topography of the locality, with ample side ditches, constructed so as to quickly shed water into the side ditches, and kept continuously crowned and compacted by dragging or other adequate means so that it shall have a smooth surface and be passable for wheeled vehicles at all times.

At the end of each fiscal year the Federal Government shall pay for all roads in Class A \$60 per mile, for Class B \$30, and for Class C \$15. The Secretary of Agriculture, through the Office of Public Roads, must make all needful rules for the proper administration of the act.

The Results Aimed At

IN drawing the bill, we had in mind the following:

The widest distribution of the benefits resulting from such legislation.

Provision for the minimum Federal bureaucracy.

The preservation of the jurisdiction

of the State and local authorities in the supervision and control of their roads.

The rigid safeguarding of United States funds for road purposes.

The elimination of all possibility for official favoritism in the location or improvement of particular roads, and the stimulation of the people themselves to the acquirement of wider knowledge of the subject of road construction and maintenance, as well as to greater efforts in road building.

The Demand Is General

THE demand for Federal aid comes from many sources. The automobile owner wants a wider radius in which to operate his machine. The farmer seeks better highways over which to market his products more conveniently and at less expense. Town and city people are anxious to get foodstuffs from the farms more expeditiously and at less cost. Good roads mean cheaper and better living for all.

The manufacturers of automobiles have played a large part in the agitation. They know that better highways mean an extension of the trade. And their motives are mixed with as much patriotism as ours. The automobile manufacturer's interest in good roads is proportionate with that of the farmer's, considering the size of their investments.

The automobile is no longer the mere toy of the idle rich; it is rapidly becoming the utility of the masses. It will come into universal use as soon as the country is supplied with a general system of good roads. It will surely become a factor in the rural mail service. It is imperative that any system of road construction should contemplate an extensive use of the automobile. It is essential, however, to keep in mind the distinction between the automobile employed for practical purposes and that used for touring or pleasure. To devote public money to the construction of ocean-to-ocean boulevards of great excellence simply to supply touring roads for that small number of our people who have the wealth and leisure to enjoy them, would be indefensible.

The energies of the people must be turned to the development of a general system of moderately good roads from whose gradual improvement will grow a network of excellent roads extending throughout the land.

Basis for Federal Aid

PRIMARILY roads are local concerns and are within the jurisdiction of the States. It is a fundamental obligation of every State to provide its inhabitants with easy and convenient ways of travel and transportation.

It is, however, a function of the Federal Government to carry and deliver the mails. It is its duty to provide itself with the facilities necessary to a proper performance of this function, such as postmasters, postclerks, post offices, and post roads. There is no more reason why the States should furnish the General Government with post roads than that they should furnish it with post offices. One is just as necessary for handling the mails as the other.

As in most rural communities it has been found more expedient and less expensive to rent post offices than to build them, so, in like manner, it would be more expedient and less expensive for the United States to use the highways of the States as post roads than it would be to build them. It would be only fair, however, that contribution should be made to the upkeep of the roads thus



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used. What portion of the upkeep of a post road should be borne by the General Government could not be determined except by some arbitrary method. It is manifest that the carrying of the mail is the smaller use to which any post road is devoted and that, therefore, the National Government's contribution should be very much less than that of the State and its people.

Don't Impair State Jurisdiction

THAT the United States is asked to contribute to the maintenance of the roads which it uses for its own purposes should not be construed as placing the States in the attitude of mendicants begging alms at the door of the Federal treasury.

The mere fact that the General Government makes a minor use of a post

road and a minor contribution to its upkeep should not be used as a pretext for ousting the States of their supervision and control over the roads within their borders.

While the States should not be disturbed in their control over their roads, yet every dollar of Federal funds appropriated to roads should be strictly safeguarded by prescribing general standards of roads to which contribution would be made and rigidly withholding contributions from all roads not clearly falling within such requirements.

**Persons desiring information about highways may write to the
GOOD ROADS EDITOR
COLLIER'S**

**416 West Thirtieth Street
New York City**

World's-End

(Continued from page 16)

"May it add ten summers to your ripe age! I'll go down and wait for you. Patton and the rector have come."

"Yes, please dear," came the low voice. "I'll follow you in just a minute."

She heard his steps crossing the room and then the sound of a closing door. She slipped down on her knees where she had been standing, and lifted her locked hands high toward the white ceiling.

"O God!—some one—something—help me—help me," she whispered, choking.

Then she got to her feet with a bound, her chin high.

"I'll help myself!" she said back of her little teeth. "I'll help myself—then God will have to help me."

SHE finished her hair, which she always did herself, then took up the little hand mirror, looking at herself carefully, full face, three-quarters, profile. Yes—that would do. She picked up a bit of soft lint and wiped some of the carmine from her cheeks. Excitement and pain had sent her own blood into them. Then she rang for America. The black gauze gown added the touch of stateliness that she desired, seeming to make her an inch or two taller.

America set the twist of black gauze upon her hair, with its knots of silver poppies just hiding the small ears—and stepped back, elated.

"Dat's a sight prettier nor any crown in dee worl!" she said. "I don't keef 't 'twas dee Queen of England's an' had fifty p'int to it! But lawsie! Miss Phoebe, you does look sot an' settled in dat black dress. It sho' do make you look scornful."

"I want to look 'scornful,' Rikky," said her mistress with a faint little smile.

"Well, you looks it all right," returned America. "Tech-me-not an' you won't git stung 'is yo' name to-night, Miss Phoebe. An' pre-tee! My Gawd! You looks jes' like a wax doll in a show-case."

"Thank you, Rikky. You're a dear thing. I love you," said Phoebe. She took up her fan and handkerchief and bending forward, kissed the brown cheek before leaving the room.

CHARLES PATTON was a rather remarkable man. At thirty he had held the professorship of anatomy in one of the first universities of America. At thirty-four he had been asked by the faculty to resign, owing to his habit of deep, steady drinking. At forty, from a wretched, shambling ghost of manhood, he had suddenly taken himself in hand, and grimly, as though harnessed with despair, had pulled the wreck of his life and his fortune from the mire. Now at fifty-three he was a man beloved and respected by the whole community where he lived and practiced. He had received sound offers of advancement, one even from the very university which he had left some seventeen years ago in disgrace, but he refused them all. Owen, who knew him more intimately than any other man, was aware of his reason for conduct that puzzled most people. Owen honored and loved him more for this reason, which, it seemed to him, could have been divined by others with the exertion of only a slight amount of imagination.

Patton's explanation of his conduct was simple in the extreme. He was in all things rather a simple man, built on broad, noble lines.

"You see," he had said to Owen, "know thyself" was supposed to be the

wisest advice the ancients had to give—and for me it holds good in

these days—if I don't 'know myself' in toto, at least I know my chief weakness, and, as the chap said: 'My weakness is mighty strong.' So that is why, old man, I prefer to 'rot away in the country,' soberly, discreetly, reverently, and in the fear of God."

CHILDREN and dogs and darkies adored Patton. Women found him strangely attractive. He had never married. And, as though fate had determined to arrange the drama of his life to fit the look of tragedy which had characterized his face from boyhood, his celibacy was universally thought to be the result of a dreadful event which had happened when he was only thirty-three. This was the death in the hunting field of the woman he loved. Before his eyes she had been thrown and dragged by her horse until—but such things are better left undescribed. There were many who believed that his downward course dated from that day, and was the direct result of it.

Patton had been off for a well-earned holiday in the Far West when Owen and Phoebe returned from abroad, and this was to be his first meeting with them both since their marriage.

When Phoebe entered the rose room she found her father and his cousin in deep converse on one of the sofas and Owen and Patton standing with parted coat tails before the fire. Patton looked like a benign and mammoth crow in his evening clothes, with his great head drooped a little forward listening to what Owen was saying.

AS Phoebe entered he dropped his big coat tails and came forward, his face lighted by his smile. "Is this little Phoebe or some foreign princess?" he said, taking both her hands and holding them. "Bless the child! I do believe she's been growing since her marriage—two good inches taller as I'm a man of silence. You pretty thing! You pretty thing—" He broke off, smiling again and swinging her hands to and fro. "Marriage sholy do become you," as I heard an old ducky say the other day. Such dignity! Such hoity-toityness! Does your majesty think that your majesty could condescend to give me a kiss?"

"Dear Dr. Charlie!" cried Phoebe, and hugged him. Such had been her name for him since her babyhood. Somehow she felt safer when those huge, bony arms went round her in response than she had done for many a day. With Owen she could not feel safe, because she herself was a menace to him. But here was some one who could protect even Owen from disaster—or so it seemed to her.

"It's the beatings that have improved her so, Charles," said Owen, standing by with his hands on his lean flanks in a way he had. "A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree, you know—I do it for her good."

"Yes—he beats me. He beats me dreadfully," said Phoebe with a little laugh that caught in her throat like a sob.

"A regular Bill Sikes, eh? A Benvenuto Cellini—and I suppose you adore him for it, in classic female fashion?"

"Yes—I adore him—" said Phoebe, with another of the little laughs that was like a sob.

Patton thought:

"Overstrung about something—or just a woman's high-pressure mood over nothing probably—pupils markedly dilated."

Wonder if the little witch has been using belladonna? Must give her a scolding later, if she has."

HENRY NELSON came over to greet her. "My last kiss was bestowed on a pale little bride," he said, as he kissed her hot cheek. "Now I salute a proudly glowing matron."

Owen laughed. "There, Phoebe!" he said. The black gown has done its work. You see, you strike Mr. Nelson as matronly."

"The puss has certainly grown very tall and dignified," replied the rector.

"And, as I said," put in Charles Patton, "he thinks that she's grown."

"It's really the black frock, Dr. Charlie," said Phoebe, glancing down at herself.

"Well, you're a picture in it," retorted he, smiling. "You remind me of a fairy fallen in an inkpot."

The others laughed at this poetic simile, and Mr. Nelson from his armchair said: "I have never seen you attired in black before, my daughter. But it becomes you well. Black is always a dignified wear, though tending to an effect of gloom. I am glad that you lightened it with silver. Is it customary nowadays to conceal the ears so completely? I should think that it would make one hard of hearing."

"Don't disturb yourself, sir," said Patton. "Eve could hear through a head-dress of prickly-pear pads."

Here Dempsey and Mary entered together, and shortly came Aunt Charlotte in a grand toilet of robin-egg taffeta trimmed with blond lace outlined with straw color. "Did you ever see such an old darling!" whispered Dempsey to Mary. "I'm sure the old Duchess of Kent—Queen Victoria's mother, you know—wore lace like that."

"It's probably a cherished heirloom and has a story," whispered back Mary. "Ask her about it later. She loves to have her finery commented on."

IN the meantime Sally and Richard had entered, and Jonathan announced dinner. And suddenly, when Phoebe saw Richard entering the room for the second time that day, a perfect, calm, self-possession came over her. It was a phenomenon something like that which causes a condemned man, who has sweated and trembled in his cell from mortal fear, to face with entire fortitude the sight of the gallows on which he is to die.

She stood smiling, her hand on the rector's arm, while they all filed past her into the lovely central hall. And as she watched them, it seemed to her that they were figures in a dream, and that of this dream she was mistress for the time being, for this evening at least, and could control them as she pleased. It was an odd, encouraging sensation, akin to that feeling of universal power which the first taste of opium sometimes gives. The poppy of desperation had excited rather than dulled her.

So the little procession went by as she had ordered it, Owen and Dempsey, Sally and Mr. Nelson, Mary and Richard, Charles Patton with Aunt Charlotte, and then she followed with the rector—the shepherdess of dreams marshaling her flock.

RICHARD had not yet escaped from the subject of Phoebe.

"I'm so proud of my little cousin, Richard," Mary said to him at once. "I wonder if you find the change in her as marked as I do?"

"She is more beautiful than she was," said Richard.

"Yes—Isn't she? A happy marriage

is like some wonderful spell. She has bloomed out under it like a flower in a magician's garden. But now that I think of it, you don't believe in marriage, do you?"

"Not for myself."

"One could scarcely help believing in it for Phoebe, could one?"

"No. Scarcely."

"How monosyllabic you are to-night," she smiled. "Isn't Miss Torrance to have the benefit of some of your paradoxes?"

Richard frowned.

"That girl is detestable—a cornucopia of every British philistinism."

HE saw the shining hair with which he had once laced her to himself now glowing in a bright crown as of wifehood above the eyes which had once gazed at him with shy adoration; now when they had rested on his face for an instant they filled with a frozen repulsion; the lovely throat—all these things, now by right another man's, he saw with those sullen, veiled eyes of his that seemed only to gaze at the great, yellow field flowers. And a sick, torpid anger began to stir him—the anger that might come to a man who has thrown aside a ruby thinking it a bit of glass, and then sees that another with more knowledge has picked it from the dust and set it fittingly.

He did not care for rubies actually or symbolically—yet it was irritating to think that he had mistaken one for glass. A curious, infinitely base feeling of secret triumph stole in among the sluggish current of his anger—the feeling that he had first tarnished what the other man now cherished.

He glanced with his secretive, opaque eyes at Owen, and strangely enough, Owen at the same moment looked at him.

RICHARD'S hand clenched under the table—his chin jerked sideways with that inherited trick.

"You are not coruscating to-night, my dear Richard," Owen permitted himself the slight malevolence of saying. "We counted on you to impress Miss Torrance with Young America's brilliancy."

Dempsey gave that little provoking laugh of hers. "I believe he's in the silent stage of being in love," she said. "I believe he's dreadfully in love with some one at this very table!"

Black fangs of light seemed to leap to Richard's eyes. He could have struck Dempsey on the mouth with joy. "Can one blame him?" asked Owen serenely.

"No—and I'm really awfully sorry for him," pursued Dempsey maliciously. "It must be frightfully hard on a man to be in love with some one who's so horribly in love with her own husband."

Richard had turned away again. Now he ventured to glance, once, directly at Phoebe. She was listening earnestly to something that Charles Patton was saying, her elbow on the table, her chin resting on her palm. This was a new thought to Richard, this idea of her being in love with his uncle. It had never crossed his mind before. He had understood, as he had told his mother, how impossible it had been for one in Phoebe's situation to refuse such an offer of salvation as Owen's had been—but that she gave him anything but a grateful regard, had never occurred to him for an instant. Could it be possible? As though hypnotized by his black eyes, which he had forgotten to withdraw in the absorption of his thought, Phoebe moved restlessly—glanced right and then left, then full at him.

Into her eyes—into her whole face—came a sick, cold look, a look that he had seen in them when, after a rainy

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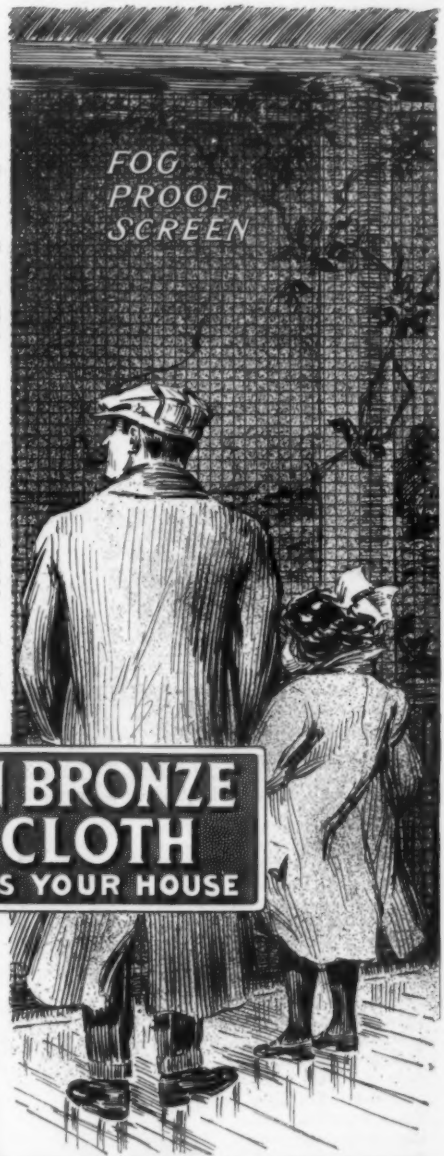
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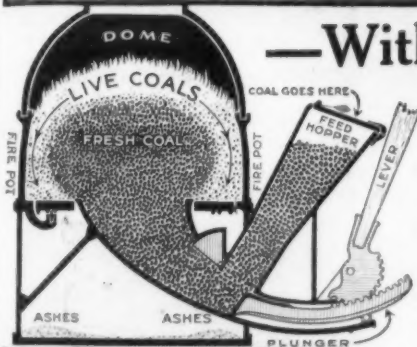
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Talks about MAZDA
No. 3

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TURN the button—flash! Many lifetimes' study of electricity is summed up for you in that quick and splendid radiance.

Your forefathers had more trouble in getting the light of a single, dim candle. Yet we take this modern miracle for granted—this cheerful light summoned by the fingers, that is so many times more helpful, so many times cheaper per candle power than the cheapest candles.

Think of the ancient men conjuring the flame from the sapling, the pine knot, the grease from animal bodies, the oil of the earth. Think of the world's long struggle for more light and cheaper light, unguided in earlier days by an adequate knowledge or by any systematic method of reaching the goal that was sought.

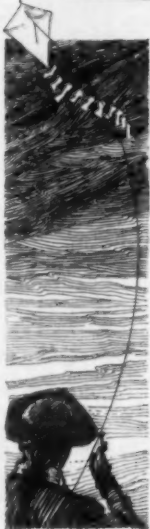
Think of the joy of the Dutch burgomaster von Guericke, more than two centuries ago, when he proved to scientists of his time that electricity had the power to give forth light. Think of these isolated experimenters turning cranks to produce light-flashes by friction, and of their endless groping to capture that light.

Think of Franklin (one hundred and sixty years ago this past summer) flushed with excitement on discovering that the electricity of the sky could be conducted by a kite string.

Think of the tremendous obstacles overcome in the production of Edison's first carbon incandescent lamp. Electrical science was now to settle itself to the systematic study of this vast problem which in earlier days had been left to slow, blind, accidental advance. And manufacture had begun to feel the impetus of help communicated by organized research, experiment and selection.

Think of that next big step—this time the use of filaments of metal, such as tantalum and tungsten.

But obstacles were still to be overcome. For example, the tungsten paste filament was fragile. The first MAZDA lamp gave more light and cheaper light, yet left something still to be added—greater sturdiness fully to meet the strain of every day usage.



Franklin's early experiment in harnessing electricity.



Von Guericke's electrical machine for producing electricity by friction.

Then the triumph of the drawn wire filament in the MAZDA Lamp of today—three times as much light as the old style carbon lamps, with the same amount of electric current and rugged enough in elements and construction to round out the full wonder of its practical efficiency.

The plodding scientists had climbed a step higher in the great world-journey between the humble candle and the ideal light.

Will they stop here?

Will that group of scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady be satisfied with these selected methods of construction revealed by the lamp marked MAZDA?

The mark MAZDA itself answers that question.

MAZDA is the mark of a Service and it designates the great plan by which the MAZDA lamp shall continue to mean the highest achievement in incandescent lighting.

MAZDA Service means that the Research Laboratories are not only assembling the results of their own incessant and exhaustive investigations, and those of their associates in the active developing and manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison, but are keeping in close touch with great experimental lamp laboratories in Europe.

MAZDA Service means also the furnishing to the General Electric Company factories, and to the factories of other Companies entitled to receive this



Even the shape of glass bulbs is a subject for constant experimentation.

Service, every new fragment of knowledge, from whatever source derived, which shall be selected in the course of this service to the manufacturers for embodiment in the MAZDA lamp.

In other words, the mark MAZDA on a lamp means that this world-wide MAZDA Service has been received by the makers of that lamp.

This is your assurance when you buy a MAZDA lamp—whether you buy it today, tomorrow, next month or at any future time—that you have the incandescent electric lamp that sums up the latest efforts of the broadest lamp service in the world.

In one of the testing rooms of the Research Laboratories, MAZDA Service involves unceasing tests and experiments with the aim that MAZDA shall always mean the furthest advance in metal filament lighting.



GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

day at Nelson's Gift, one of the loathsome centipedes that infest rotten wood had crawled out along the front porch.

Quickly she looked away—straight this time at her husband—a look of dumb, strained appeal as though for help. And suddenly there mantled on her white face the loveliest warm rose color. Instinctively he glanced back at Owen. Yes—those gold-gray eyes were answering hers—signaling some strong aid, some potent, secret force, that had sent the bright blood welling upward from her heart—and now, again glancing at her, he saw on her face, and in her great, dilated eyes, the look of one who regards divinity. Love, a passionate gratitude, but chiefly that full, rapt glow of adoration lit the eyes that had just shrunk away from his as from some noxious reptile.

ONCE more he glanced at Owen. Somehow the husband's motley sat on him like a holiday garment. Mated lions, Richard reflected grudgingly, are not undignified, and there was something in those tawny eyes of his uncle that reminded him now of a lion's eyes.

Then his glance happened to fall from Owen's eyes to his hand, which was resting on the edge of the table.

Richard looked from it to his own delicately modeled hand, smooth and fine as a bit of old ivory. The thought came to him how that big, hairy hand lying relaxed there on the polished surface of the table could crush his own hand to pulp merely by grinding it in one steady grasp. He shivered slightly, and forcing his eyes away from the dark, quiet hand, which seemed to mesmerize them, saw that his mother was looking at him with furtive nervousness.

He tried to smile at her, but his chin only jerked sideways. If that hand were ever to grasp in anger at his throat—if by some fatality Owen ever knew—

There was a subdued noise of chairs being pushed back. Phoebe had signaled to Dempsey with the little smiling nod that signified dinner was over.

CHARLES PATTON was the only friend with whom Owen was really intimate. Only with Patton did he ever speak of things very close to him. He was glad, therefore, when Patton stayed on after the rector had gone, saying that as there would be a moon at eleven, he would stop for a "crack" with his host.

Mr. Nelson always went to bed at ten, and to-night all the women had retired when he did, so that Owen and Patton found themselves free to go to the former's study and take each a big leather armchair before the fire that Jonathan had just heaped with fresh logs of "red-heart" cedar.

With pipes lighted and legs crossed, they grinned at each other affectionately. "This is something like, old man," said Patton. "Inspiring as the ladies are, for solid comfort give me a pipe, a wood fire, and my chum."

"It's good to see your gloomy old mug again, Charles. Now tell me about Sally. How serious is it?"

PATTON took the pipe from his mouth and scrutinized it thoughtfully; then, as if assured that it was the same old briar, he put it back again.

"Anything with the heart is serious, my dear fellow. But there's no reason, with proper care, why Sally shouldn't live along as comfortably as most of us. Her trouble is valvular—I won't go into scientific terminology—a weakness of the right valve. But those attacks of angina pectoris that she had so often in the beginning were chiefly due to hysteria, in my opinion. Sally will be fifty-three in March. That is rather a serious climacteric with some women, you know. And she's deucedly high-strung and high-tempered, if you'll excuse plain language. Works herself up over things—lets herself go—I've held forth with considerable force on that subject, and I believe I've rather impressed her. Any sort of inner commotion is bad for her. If people only realized the direct pathological connection of a bad temper with the arterial system, there'd be many more angels in our houses."

Owen smoked for some seconds in silence, then he said:

"You talk such a lot, Charles. I believe that poor Sally is worse off than you want to admit."

"Well—a cantankerous heart valve is not like a toothache," admitted Patton grudgingly. "She can't have it out like a troublesome molar, and she can't lead

the exciting, helter-skelter life she's been used to. But with proper care—And then there's Miss Mary—she's been my right hand in all this. A splendid woman."

OWEN'S face grew soft. "You can't give me news about Mary Talliaferro, Charles. There's no one quite like her. You and Mary—yes, you two—well—you make things worth while."

He looked round at Patton suddenly. "Do you know, Charles, I think your happiness may be there—and you just snoozing calmly like a bat hiding from the sunlight."

Patton, who for all the simplicity of his nature, was a man of keen observation, smiled rather dryly. "Miss Mary," said he, "has about as much idea of marrying anyone as she has of going to Timbuctoo as a missionary."

"She might make a mission of Charles Patton with good results. Why, she's devoted to you. Mary isn't the kind to be head over heels in love. She's too sensible and balanced. You aren't looking for a Juliet are you? Mary is Portia and Rosalind in one." Patton thought: "You're the bat, not I, old man," but Mary's secret which he had divined long ago was as safe with him as all those other secrets which sometimes weighed heavily on his kind, melancholy heart.

He said tranquilly:

"I'm no more the marrying type than Miss Mary—bless her sweet heart."

"All the same—" began Owen.

"All the same, you're a dear old ass," said Patton cheerfully. "You'd break up a beautiful friendship to patch it into a makeshift marriage. It's the inveterate match-making instinct that afflicts all happy newlyweds."

"Perhaps so," said Owen smiling, but he looked unconvinced.

"And you really think that Sally's in no immediate danger?" he asked, a moment later.

"I've said that any trouble with the heart is serious, but if she'll be reasonable she may outlast us both, old man. That is—"

"That is—" Owen prompted.

"I've an idea," said Patton slowly, "that the gifted Richard gives her a devil of a lot of worry."

"Why do you think so?"

"Have you never caught her watching him? I say 'caught her,' because she does it with great caution. But from time to time—when she thinks everyone is engaged with something else—she looks at him in a heart-breaking, anxious sort of way. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Once or twice—yes, I think so."

"Do you know what the fellow's been up to? (I never cottoned to Richard, as you're aware.) Thank God, you're married to that dear girl. Let's have a boy to break Richard's fine nose thoroughly, as soon as possible, please. But do you know if Master Dickon has been in mischief?"

OWEN knocked out his pipe against the chimney, and taking up another, began filling it from the tobacco pouch that lay between them. "You forget I've been abroad for over a year. Richard is rather a canny character as a rule. What sort of mischief do you fancy would attract him?"

"Ah," said Patton. "That is quite beyond me. The divagations of that young man's imagination are quite out of my scope. Something deeply, darkly, sinuously eccentric, I should say. But then, who knows? Those demisemigenuses with their finical scorn for the blunt, beaten paths of humanity, are just the chaps to succumb to a sudden seizure of commonplace brutality. They go about tricking out their anemic phantasies in sorts of Montezuma cloaks of painted feathers, and presto! one fine day they wake to find themselves beggared over a squaw or a Lapland wench."

"You really think Richard, with all his fastidiousness, capable of brutality?" "I do," said Patton. "It's all in the left side of his face—only you're used to seeing both halves together."

"Lombroso?" asked Owen looking rather surprised.

"Certainly not," said Patton. "All the children of men, you and I among them, are asymmetric. But there's one-half of the human face that always gives a person away. I don't know exactly when I first found it out—long before it became popularly known, though. You must have seen examples of it in magazines. No? Well—get me some photographs—any, so that they're full face—and I'll show you."

Owen opened a drawer in his desk, and took out a handful of photographs at random. Patton spread them out under the light of the double student's lamp.

"Capital," he said, "here's our hero himself, one of Sally, one of you. That's enough."

He pushed the rest aside, and took an envelope from a case of letter paper.

"Now, look here," he said, "we'll do you first. D'ye see this?" He placed the white envelope so that it cut the photographed face in two longitudinally.

"Now on this side you're grave, melancholy, even soft looking. See the droop of the lid and eyebrow? Idealism. The mouth corner is almost womanish—almost too sweet. *Now* look—"

HE whipped the paper to the other side.

"By George! It's more marked in you than in most people. Look at that left eye! Hard, implacable—almost as ruthless as Sally's in one of her tantrums. Even the jaw has a different set from this side. Look how it juts. It's the face of a man who could run amuck under sufficient provocation—'go berserk.'"

"It's extraordinary!" exclaimed Owen, staring down at the unfamiliar side of his face, revealed to him thus unexpectedly as in a magic mirror. "And, I must say, singularly unpleasant. When did you first do this, Charles?"

"Can't remember to save my life. I've tried often. I must have been a mere lad when I first chanced upon it. Now we'll have a go at Sally. There—you see? This side merely thoughtful, the eye mild, the wing of the lip gentle, candid. Now this other. Look at the temper in that slightly drawn up under-lid. Look at the lines of the mouth, straight and thin as a crack. And the forehead—even under the photographer's touchings up you can see the nervous, petulant drawing of the frontal muscles. There's Sally, the worst enemy of her own heart. *Now* we'll have young Baudelaire—Mallarmé. Come—this side shows up better than I thought. Eye quite straightforward and affectionate, mouth composed—nostril a little stingy, but not overmean. Now let's see the worst of him. By Jingo! Owen, look at that eye and mouth and nostril. There's nothing subtle there, Caliban dressed in velvet. But there's brutality, all the same, just as I thought."

HE put his great, spatulate thumb on the corner of the photographed mouth. "See that squaring out of the lip just here, like the mouth in a Greek mask of comedy? In a human face that means brutality of the cheap kind. The sort that will sputter out in unexpected words, or take refuge in a mean passivity. Foof!—I like you less than ever, young gentleman."

And he flipped the photograph from him, and went again to his armchair.

"Interesting, though—Isn't it?" he said.

"Very. But rather depressing. I knew I had a devil somewhere in me, but I didn't know that he showed in my face before."

"Cheer up. He doesn't when your two halves are looked at together, and that's the way people always see one."

They both smoked in silence for some minutes, then Patton said:

"You don't know, old man, how glad I am to see you so happy."

"Thanks, Charles. I am happy."

"Without reservations?"

LEANING forward, Owen knocked out his pipe and laid it aside.

"I'll tell you what harries me like the deuce, Charles," he said. It's the idea that poor Sally's disappointment over Richard's prospects may have a lot to do with this sudden development of heart trouble. I've been twisting and turning it every way. Of course—as it is—"

"As it is, you've married one of the sweetest young creatures in the world and your money will naturally go to her children," said Patton bluntly.

"Not at all, Charles. That wouldn't be playing a fair game."

Patton grunted.

"You know it wouldn't, Charles."

"Well—perhaps," admitted Patton with another grunt. "What do you propose doing?"

"That's exactly what I want to talk over with you."

Patton glanced at him sharply.

"You don't propose increasing Richard's allowance, I hope?"

"No. But I thought of making a provision in my will that would leave him with a good income. I thought that, when I had decided on the amount and got everything in shape, it might comfort Sally to let her see it."

"Mph!" grunted his friend a third time. "And what may be the amount you've decided on?"

"I haven't decided yet, old Crusty. That's where I want your advice."

"My advice," said Patton speaking with his teeth on the mouthpiece of his pipe, "my advice—if waxworks could swim—would be to chuck him out into the stream of things, sink or swim, and let him test his precious talents on their bread-winning value."

"No, old fellow. You can't bring up a lad as I've helped to bring up Richard, and then chuck him out without a penny. Come, Charles, be practical. How much should you say? And when we've settled that, tell me your opinion about reassuring Sally by letting her see my will."

BY the time they had hammered this out between them, and Patton had said, with some sarcasm, that he thought the sight of what Owen had finally decided that Richard should inherit would be an excellent heart tonic even for a moribund, it was long past eleven o'clock.

(To be continued next week)



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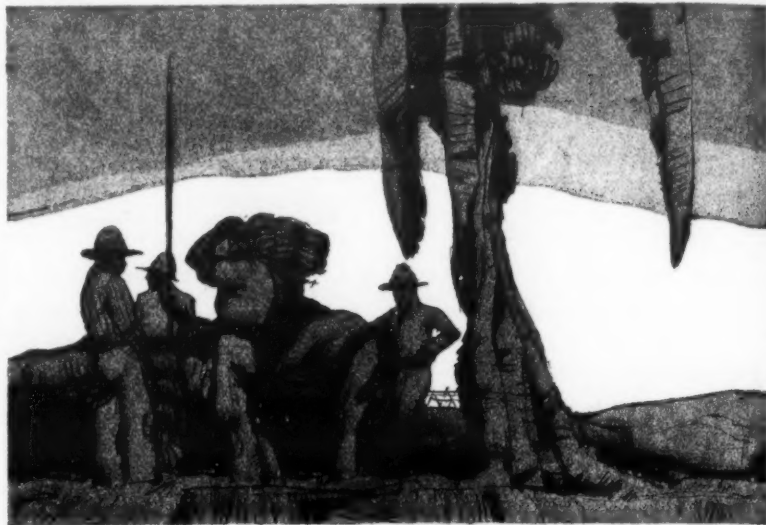
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Proud Little Costa Rica

By ARTHUR RUHL

ALMOST on the very day that the American newspapers announced again that President Wilson intended to establish a protectorate over all Central America, the little republic of Costa Rica was peacefully holding her Presidential election. There were three candidates—votes are cast and counted in Costa Rica—and of the three, Mr. Fernandez received some 25,000; Dr. Duran, 17,500, and Señor Iglesias about 15,000 votes. The campaign had been going on for months, with the Spanish-American equivalent of the speeches and processions we have at home, and no more friction than could be worked off in the sonorous and satisfying tongue of Cervantes. Yet none had a majority, and as revolutions are not fashionable in Costa Rica and haven't been for many years, there is nothing to do but wait peacefully until Congress decides the matter next May.

Meanwhile Dr. Duran and Señor Iglesias have agreed on a fusion of their forces for the purpose of electing deputies to the one-chamber legislature, and just what will happen to the popular choice, the more radical Fernandez, remains to be seen.

The Costa Rican Constitution forbids a President to hold office for two consecutive terms, and this command is respected. In short, allowing for the necessary differences, Costa Rica is a republic in somewhat the sense that North Americans understand the word. When the first rumor of a Central American protectorate was cabled southward last summer, the San José newspapers called a meeting for that evening at which all patriots should rally to the defense of the imperiled fatherland. President Jiménez's reply to the queries of an American newspaper as to whether Costa Rica would welcome such an arrangement as was then suggested for Nicaragua, was, that Costa Rica could have the friendliest relations with the United States without surrendering any of her sovereignty.

Where Dictators Are Unpopular

THE "Ticos," as the Costa Ricans are familiarly called, have no use for Zelayas or Estrada Cabrerases. Nor can one speak of a ruling class as that term is used in Mexico and Guatemala, because the land is mostly divided into small holdings and the best land is owned by comparatively poor people. Among those who naturally lead, the Spanish blood has been comparatively well preserved and

throughout Costa Rica the mixture is more with the Indian than with the negro. The Costa Rican countryman of the highlands suggests the south-European peasant rather than the negro-Indian mixtures common in Nicaragua.

The "Ticos'" Real Neighbors

ALTHOUGH these two republics adjoin each other, the United States is closer, for most practical purposes, than Nicaragua. There is almost no communication by way of the Atlantic Coast or overland, and once the steamer has left the roadstead at Punta Arenas, on the Pacific side, it is likely to mean a fortnight before another letter can go from San José to the capital of Nicaragua. But it is only four days to New Orleans, and a big white "fruiter" bound thither, or to New York, or elsewhere, is almost always waiting. It is sometimes said that the United Fruit Company "owns" Costa Rica. This is unfair, for notwithstanding the steadying effect which such a powerful organization exerts, the banana business of the coast lowlands is a world by itself, and does not explain the thrift and beauty of the main highland valley, where every hillside is a checkerboard of fields. The very oxcart of the Costa Rican countryman is typical. Its wheels, instead of being roughhewn and unpainted like those of Nicaragua, are as gay as Phœbus's chariot, and made of mahogany with a tightly shrunk tire, so that as they jolt along the mountain lanes they ring—and he is very particular about this—like a sort of bell or drum.

Obstacles to Outside Interference

SO proud are the Costa Ricans of their thrift and stability that they not infrequently speak of "Central Americans" as a race apart with which they have but a foreigner's concern. Such phrases as "our unhappy sister," applied to Honduras or Nicaragua, come almost as naturally to the Costa Rican editor or orator as to our own political paragraphers. Costa Rica pays the interest on her foreign debt; it is a familiar saying that she has more school-teachers than soldiers—life is pleasant and comfortable in her beautiful temperate highlands.

There are monuments in Costa Rica to the men who defeated the American filibuster Walker, and those days are looked back on now as a sort of heroic age. Many things like these must be remembered when people speak lightly of a Central American protectorate or even a Central American union.



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LOOSE I-P LEAF

His Wives an Asset

By C. J. MANNING

CHARLEY FAST PONY, a Winnebago Indian, had six wives and an overweening desire to own a six-cylinder motor car. But the cost of living was a problem with the man of plenty squaws. Every time Charley came to Sioux City, trailed by his blanketed wives, he visited garages and asked the price of cars.

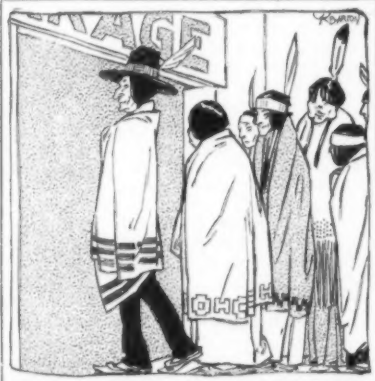
One day in October an Indian trader brought news to the reservation that the Government was to divide the birthright fund of the Winnebagoes. Each Indian that had come of age was to receive something over \$300, the trader said.

Charley Fast Pony heard the news and hurried to his family circle. After diplomatic advances, Charley brought his helpmeets and an interpreter to town.

"Charley wantum six-squaw car, \$1,800," said the interpreter to a motor dealer. Then the birthright fund division was explained.

"What's he going to do with his \$300?" asked the dealer, hoping to dispose of a \$2,100 car.

"He buyum hats and goggles for squaws. Charley, he good man to squaws," explained the interpreter.



The Baseball Mascot

(Continued from page 6)

and Boneville led in the batting by three hits. But the gods of baseball ignore little things like that when they have a package ready for delivery, and it was no great surprise that Boneville dragged herself home that night burdened and browbeaten by a defeat of 8 to 4.

It may not be true that the preacher called special services that night to pray for the quick and safe return of a long-eared, callope-voiced, triple-lunged hound with a determined chin; but it is a fact that the frantic populace of Boneville raised a reward of three hundred dollars for the return of one Bulger, "dead or alive," before 3 p. m. the following day.

IF Chuck Peters had been able to sleep at all he would have been awakened at four o'clock Saturday morning—the day of the final game—by a matutinal call from Hank Sellers, Boneville's lion-hearted constable. As it was, Chuck was at the door before the official knocked.

"By ginger!" he yelled. "Found him?" Hank's features gave a negative answer. "Nope," he said. "But I've got an i-dee."

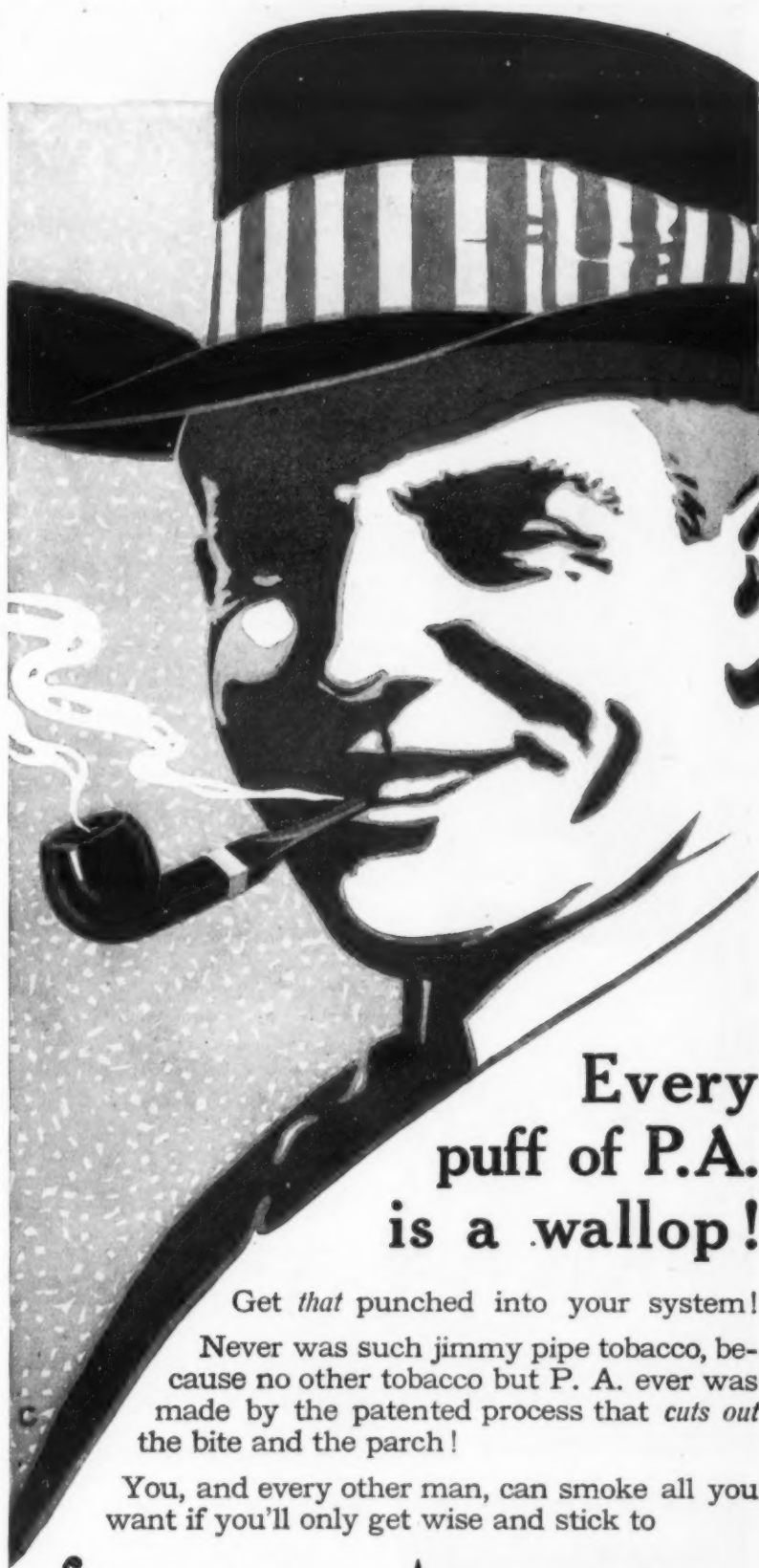
Chuck waited, while Hank drowned a patch of plantain in tobacco spit.

"Did you happen to calc'late," resumed the constable, "that them Foxtown cusses might 'a' stole yer dog?"

Chuck's eyes lit up and his face darkened. "By ginger, I believe you've got the right hunch," he said. "They'd never have won yesterday, the way we played, if they hadn't had our mascot."

Then he studied a minute. "But how in thunder are we goin' to get him back?" Hank emitted another deluge.

"I'll swear in three deputies and go



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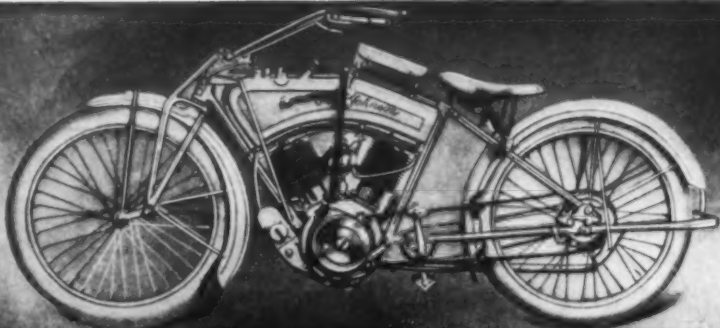
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up there and search the town, by crips," he said chestily.

"And get tarred and feathered," added Chuck. "You'd be lucky to get back alive."

"Huh! I'm an officer of the law, ain't I?" demanded Hank, flashing a four-inch star.

"Yes, and so was Milt Snowden," answered Chuck dryly, "but that didn't keep 'em from ridin' him out of town on a rail the time he went up there to arrest the catcher that slugged Kynett at the plate to keep him from scorin'."

Hank rolled his cud from side to side a few minutes in rumination.

"I reckon we couldn't find the critter," he admitted at last. "But, by jimminy, if that dog ain't fetched back before the game's over, I'll arrest ever'one of them fellers and keep 'em locked up till we find him."

Chuck applauded the idea and went back to bed to toss two hours longer. He slept just long enough to dream of an opaque bound with a protruding chin in the box for Foxtown, pitching south-paw curves that stopped in mid-air just before they got to the batter, wiggled up and down a minute, and then returned to the box.

THE peace of two communities hung by a cobweb that afternoon. Nobody knows how many "knucks," knives, slung shots, and revolvers were ready to spring from pockets at the first remark beyond the vague boundaries of endurance.

Foxtown was ghoulishly happy over Bulger's absence. The instinct of self-preservation prevented open comment, but her satisfaction was visible in leers that kept Boneville fans wearing the edge off their teeth and reaching unconsciously for weapons all during the preliminary warm-up.

Chuck was pale and comfortless. Hank had given up the quest and was only restrained from wholesale arrests by the strong arm of the sheriff himself.

"They've got him hid some'er's," he whispered dramatically to the Boneville bench just as theumps announced the battre-ees. "I see a couple of 'em carryin' some bones and a bucket o' water toward the hack they driv down in. Now, I calculate they ain't none of them fellers gnawin' bones for their own dinner—eh?—even if they do act like a passel a' yaller dawgs."

Chuck clouded up like an Oklahoma sky, but he knew that a word to Hank meant gore, and he called the team out without comment. Then—

Post-season series? How pale and wan they seem compared to that epochal battle for the homeland! Foxtown played like eighteen men, and Boneville came back full tilt. Leonidas holding the pass was a pliker beside Chuck holding Foxtown against Fate. Every inning was a game in itself, a Spartan fray with Honor hanging in the balance. If Homer had been there—why didn't old Homer ever have a chance at a real workout for that epic lyre of his? Here was a game to be written, not by innings, but by cantos.

FIVE tense innings passed without a run. Wherever that ball went some hand reached out of space to gather it in and put it where it doggedly checkmated the enemy. Once each side had died at the plate, amid the rival groans and cheers of the mob. Three times the strong arm of the law had cleared the diamond of protesting spectators, and twice the escaping umpires had been overhauled at the gate and thrust back into the thick of peril. High-voltage repartee flashed back and forth between the spectating factions like equinoctial lightning, and opposing women glared across the division line at each other with drawn batpins.

In the sixth, by luck, pluck, and strategy, Foxtown got Huckle over the rubber for the first score. But Boneville, spurred to superhuman deeds by the walls of her children and the prayers of her women, evened things in her half of the seventh.

Then the ciphers resumed their place in the bulletins. Eight, nine, ten innings, and neither side had picked the deadlock.

Chuck felt his nerves creeping out from under the skin. Kynett was floating his arm in arnica between innings; Rogers, the southpaw, was still glass-armed after yesterday's bout; the catcher fought on with a cracked shin and a mangled thumb.

"Tough!" growled the manager, looking around the bench for a bandage for his own tired wrist. His eye fell on Bulger's red neck ribbon, and he wrapped it around his wrist with reverent superstition. "If we only had that damned dog back!"

Foxtown came up in the eleventh with a now-or-never glitter in her eye. The finish seemed to be coming with a rush.

Corrigan, the left-handed shortstop, landed the first ball over for a single, and Foxtown let out a unanimous shriek of delight. Then things grew so tense that there was a minute of graveyard silence. Two men died on flies, without a sign from the crowd. The terrible Jansen came up to bat for the first time in his life without an ovation; the issue was too vast for locality.

Out of the stillness, all at once there came a wall like the cry of a greased graphophone record magnified eleven hundred diameters.

"Yi-yi-h-r-r-rub-ub-ub-gil-r-r-oooooh!"

It was Bulger, howling for homesickness from somewhere in the depths of the enemy's camp.

Boneville broke loose in a cyclonic roar.

"Hyuh, Bulger! Hyuh, Bulger! hee-yuh, hee-yuh, hee-yuh!" They yelled and whistled and squealed while the constabulary massed itself between the lines to stop a threatening rush.

JANSEN stood at the plate unmoved. Twice he fouled. One ball—then—

"Oh, mother, what a hit!"

Over second, on over Lumpkin at center—

Around the ring tore Corrigan from first, hell bent for the winning run.

Foxtown shrieked in delirium.

But the noise was drowned by a Niagara roar from Boneville.

"Hyuh, Bulger, hyuh!" yelled three hundred voices in chorus, thrilling like a vast hosanna of hope.

Then something happened that was beyond the ken of the rule book and outside the scope of the ground rules.

Out of the enemy's lines, straight across the diamond, came the Boneville mascot, lugging a rod of heavy rope with a wagon seat bumping along behind him. Fifty Foxtown fiends grabbed at him, but he slipped through them like a greased pig. As his front legs inclosed his hind ones at every leap, he seemed to tie himself into a bowknot with his flapping ears for the loose ends.

On came the dog and on came the runner; Corrigan blind with victory, Bulger blind with the joy of home-coming.

Halfway between third and home they collided with seismic shock.

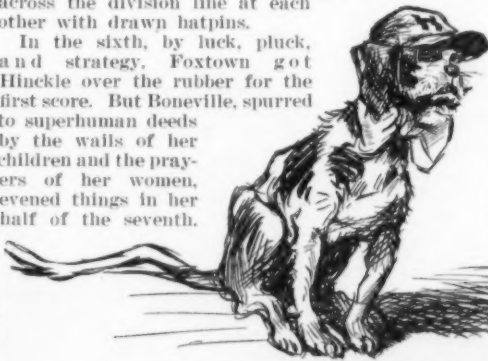
Corrigan, tangled in a rod of rope, went down with Bulger in a haze of brown dust. He rolled heroically toward home, but the relayed ball was on him seven feet from the plate.

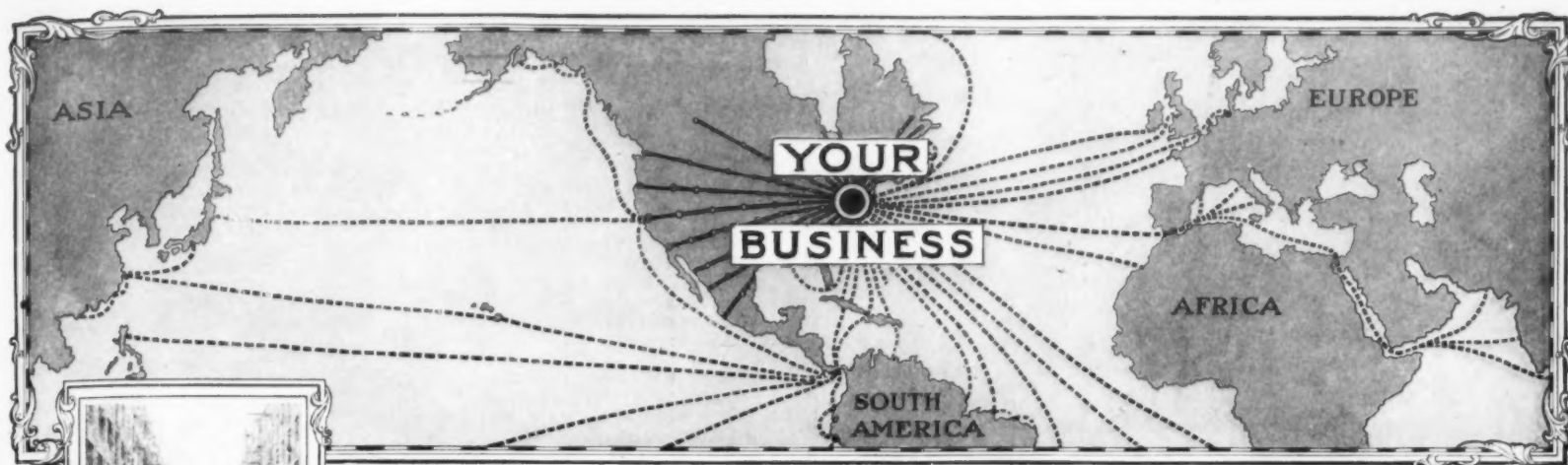
Loving hands rescued Bulger from the wreckage. The constabulary stood in battle array, but Boneville was forgiving in the joy of her restoration, and grim War side-stepped his opportunity.

When Boneville came up for her half of the inning—

"Well," as Chuck said, tenderly stroking Bulger's bewhiskered chin after the victory, "they couldn't have beaten us with an all-star bunch out of the big leagues after that. How about a nice T-bone steak for supper, Bulger?"

IT may be that Chuck is overly superstitious; let him that is without his own pet "sign" cast the first knock. But I am not going to give Bulger's real address away, lest scouts representing certain New York or St. Louis managers should make him the victim of a second abduction.





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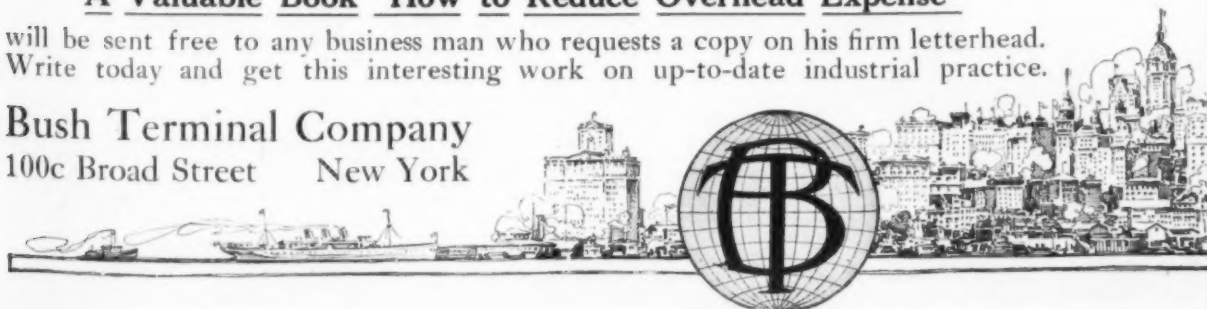
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Governor Glynn of New York

(Continued from page 8)

wander in here and find you reading Horace in the original again. He will have mighty little confidence in your business ability if you do."

Yet Glynn made the most successful Controller New York has probably ever had. He not only had in his mind at all times the general administrative policies of the various bureaus, but he knew the details under which each bureau was working. He did not depend on what his subordinates told him. He knew the finances of the State from cash book to balance sheet, and from base to apex. In congratulating him on his first formal message to the present Legislature, which has been compared for ability to Governor Tilden's second annual message, a prominent business man wrote Glynn that it was the "best constructive discussion of the State's finances I have ever seen. It suggested the thought that when the Constitution is revised it might possibly be judicious to include in the qualifications for the office of Governor at least one term as State Controller."

While Controller, Glynn increased enormously the revenues of the State. He went after tax dodgers. He collected more taxes from corporations than had been collected by any former Controller in any two years of the State's history. He increased the revenue from inheritance taxes nearly two millions of dollars.

In 1907, when the panic came, the State of New York had on deposit in banks and trust companies \$22,000,000, over \$10,000,000 of which was on deposit in New York City. Glynn went to the city and used these funds to aid State banks and trust companies which were excluded from national aid, as well as such

national banks as needed assistance. Not a dollar was lost, and Glynn was praised on all sides for his cool-headedness. He refused to accept personal bonds as security for State funds on deposit, and as a result the State was promptly reimbursed for some \$800,000, tied up in State banks that closed their doors. He created a market for 3 per cent canal bonds by securing legislation making such bonds the subject of special investment for insurance companies, trust companies, and savings banks. He sold \$5,000,000 of 4 per cent State bonds at 113, the highest price ever paid for State bonds, netting the State a premium of \$650,000.

His Ideas on Social Welfare

LET us turn to the things Glynn has already done as Governor, and to the things he proposes to do if he can get the support of the Legislature and the people.

In the State of New York every year 70,000 workmen are injured and 1,000 killed in different employments. Directly and indirectly at least 300,000 people are seriously affected by these accidents. The injured workman has his earning capacity diminished or destroyed, and his family, as well as himself, are compelled to suffer.

In the little town where Glynn was born, and where he lived as a boy, he saw young girls lose fingers, hands, and legs in the cogs of factory machinery, as Lincoln had seen the scourging of slaves in the South. He saw them spewed as industrial outcasts and as sacrificial offerings to pitiless greed. When he got to a vantage ground where he might point the way, one of the first things he insisted on was a workmen's compensation law; and he got the best law that has been passed by any Legislature. He did not get it without weeks of soul-racking conferences, where experts, legislators, and representatives of conflicting interests sat round his table at the Executive Mansion until the small hours of the morning; but he got it—that is the essential thing. Representatives of 600,000 workmen petitioned for it; committees of business men waited on

Glynn, prepared to scoff at the bill, but remained to work for it. All sides capitulated in the presence of his fairness. And the result is that no employer will be again compelled to pay \$20,000 for the loss of an arm, as was done in Saratoga county last year; and every injured workman will have certain and reasonable redress for his malms.

New York has adopted the system which long ago Germany adopted under Bismarck, and which has since been adopted in England, France, Austria, Russia, and Spain. It is based upon the principle that the cost of accidents shall be considered part of the necessary cost of production. Owing to the increased cost of living, a higher scale of payment for injuries

was provided for than in the outgrown schedules of New Jersey and New Hampshire, where the amount payable is 50 per cent of the wages, but where the maximum payment for permanent injuries does not exceed \$10 a week, even though the injured man may be earning as high as \$40 a week.

Under the New York law, the payment in such cases is 66 2-3 per cent of the injured employee's wages. The percentage paid in Ohio is the same, while in California it is 65 per cent, in Wisconsin 65 per cent, and in Texas 60 per cent. Governor Glynn's earnest hope is that it will tend to discourage social unrest and to convince every worker that there is no real conflict between capital and labor, but rather a recognized community of interest.

Hughes tried for direct primaries, Dix tried for direct primaries, Sulzer tried for direct primaries, and they were all beaten. Glynn got in a week what they had failed to get in seven long years. To be sure, he had a chastened Legislature on his hands, and he owes much to these predecessors who plowed the furrows. But he took pains to gather the harvest while the political weather was propitious, and he might have done less.

"For the last twenty years the nation has seen a gradual and alarming rise in the cost of the necessities of life," said Governor Glynn. "To reduce the cost of necessities, we must increase the supply. To do this the State must enable the farmer who is already on the land to increase the number of acres he is cultivating, and must persuade men not already farmers to turn from overcrowded cities and overcrowded occupations to the waiting and vacant farms. New York is doing a great work in educating those who seek to become farmers in the science of farming, but it must go farther than that and make it easy for farmers to increase their holdings and for men who are not farmers to become owners of farms; and the only way in which it can bring this about is to supply the farmer and the intending farmer with some easy method of obtaining credit. The whole modern financial system is based upon credit, and no single division of industry can produce satisfactory results unless it is equipped to obtain the same credit which is at the disposal of other industries. Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Great Britain, and Russia have all been forced to help their farmers in order to feed their people. If New York wishes its lands cultivated, it must give the man who has thrift, intelligence, and industry, but no capital, a channel through which he can obtain the land he is willing to cultivate.

He Tackles the Cost of Living

THOSE in a position to know declare that for every dollar's worth of food which the public buys the farmer receives only 35 cents. The railroad takes some of it, the commission merchant takes some of it, the retailer takes some of it. Among them they take nearly twice what the man who has labored to produce the food himself receives. It is preposterous that such a situation should exist in a State which has the splendid facilities at its com-



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mand that New York has. To increase the farmer's profits and to decrease the consumer's outlay, the farmer and the consumer must be brought into closer contact; and this can be done by intelligent cooperation. The situation which now exists where the individual farmer ships goods to a distant market and his neighbor sends to the same distant market for that very product would be at an end."

By an intelligent system of farm credits under State supervision, Governor Glynn hopes to materially enlarge the acreage of New York's arable land. Not that he believes in paternalism any more than he believes in laissez faire; but he does believe in the promotion of peace, commerce, and happiness among the people.

He Would Create Ports Up the River

GOVERNOR GLYNN stands for another great improvement which should merit the support of every citizen. If our Government had spent as much money on the Hudson in proportion to commerce as upon the Red River of Arkansas, for instance, its improvement would have cost \$7,000,000,000 instead of \$5,000,000. A small fraction of that sum would make the Hudson navigable for sea-going vessels to Albany, where the barge canal debouches into the Hudson. The day is coming when New York City will be so crowded for dock room that small ships will not be able to secure space; the big transatlantic liners will use it all. If an ocean-going vessel could sail up to Albany or Troy, from \$1 to \$1.50 a ton could be saved on freight originating at or destined to interior points. This would only ask the Federal Government to do what Canada did at Montreal, what Scotland did at Glasgow, what England did at Manchester and at London, and what Belgium did at Antwerp. New York has spent nearly \$200,000,000 on the Erie, Oswego, and Champlain canals. That stands as the gift of New York to the commerce of the country. Behind the New York State Canal wave the wheat fields of the West. The Great Lakes are linked with the Hudson. A judicious expenditure of Federal funds on the Hudson would go far toward the overthrow of the railroad monopoly of transportation.

Loan Sharks and Conservation

THESE are some of the things Governor Glynn proposes as a program. He would also seek to amend the loan-shark law to protect the poor of the cities; and to straighten out the corrugated and disordered finances of the State. He believes that telephone rates should be reduced from 25 to 50 per cent. He believes in the public use of public property for public profit. He would like to see the people use the forests as the people of Germany use the Hartz Mountains and the Black Forest; he would make them recreation places for the masses. He is for the protection of the forests but not for their strangulation by overgrowth. Last year there was a loss of \$1,000,000 in Albany and Troy by floods which might have been prevented by proper forest protection. He believes in the State planting productive trees along every public road in the State, and in establishing game farms where game can be raised and turned loose. He is for encouraging the raising of horses; New York spends \$8,000,000 a year for horses raised in other States. He believes that the water power of the State should be developed by the State for the benefit of all the people, to give cheap electricity for the homes, the factories, the public streets and buildings, and the farms; and this is all the more important in view of the fact that New York produces no coal. He believes also in promoting better sanitary conditions in the country districts, statistics proving that the mortality and morbidity rate in the country exceeds that of the least sanitary districts of New York City. He believes in the conservation of the health of the people of the State, no less than in the conservation of its material resources. He believes that the public service "should not be crippled by economy, nor bloated by extravagance"; that "taxation for extravagance is legislative tyranny"; that "every county is entitled to its proper share of good roads; it can get no less by law; it should get no more by raids upon the treasury"; that the "taxpayers must be prepared either to shoulder a



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River Road, West Lafayette, Indiana. Constructed with "Tarvia X". Photographed two months after the flood.

This road was 10 feet under water

The roadway illustrated above runs along the banks of the Wabash River at West Lafayette, Indiana.

In March, 1913, the great floods raised the river to the white mark on the tree at the left of the picture, completely submerging the macadam roadway.

This stretch of road was constructed in 1911 with "Tarvia X", and the condition of the highway after the flood gives ample demonstration of the fact that a Tarvia-bonded roadway is waterproof.

Tarviated macadam sheds an ordinary rainstorm immediately. Water does not percolate into the surface or loosen the Tarvia bond.

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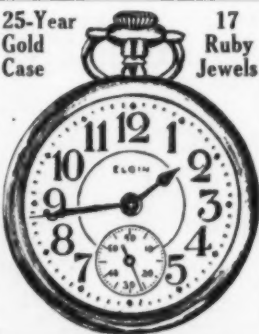
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large direct tax, or to discourage the illusion that the best legislator is he who brings back the largest appropriation from the State treasury for his home district."

He has appointed twenty-five prominent business men to serve on a commission to devise a business system for running the State Government on the principle of successful private enterprises, and for overhauling and bringing up to date the antiquated system which prevails in State departments. And he stands for a revision of the tax laws. His appointments to public office so far made have been excellent.

New York need not be ashamed of its Governor, nor for that matter of his consort. She has culture, beauty, charm, grace, and modesty—an ideal American woman.

Words about Words

By W. B. BLAKE

Introducing a Satirist

"HALF-MINUTE Lessons for Up-to-the-Minute Thinkers" affords some very clever jesting. Ours is the "age of the child"—let's read up on the subject:

CHILD, noun; a student of sex hygiene; a member of boy scout organizations and girls' camp-fire organizations for the cultivation of the kind of self-control that parents fail to exercise; a member of school republics for the study of politics while father reads the sporting page; a ward of the State; a student of the phenomena of alcoholism; a handicap carefully avoided by specialists in child study; one-third of a French family; a living being with an inalienable title to happiness which the Government must supply; in general, a human being under thirteen years of age who must be taught everything so that he will be surprised by nothing when he is thirty years of age. The ignorant and innocent offspring of a human couple, obs. Synonyms: man child, girl child, love child.

This is uncommonly good satire, capable of edifying a larger and less high-brow public than the New York "Evening Post's." A little farther on in his sarcastic glossary Mr. Simeon Strunsky defines "Eugenics, noun," as "a condition of intense excitement over the future of the human race among those who are doing nothing to perpetuate it"; there is no entry at all under "Literature, noun," except a cross reference to "Sex" and "White Slave." Mr. Strunsky does well to hold the mirror up to the foibles of this worried age; he performs a public service in helping us to laugh at ourselves and all our well-meant excesses.

Rubber-Stamp Language "TRANSPIRE" is one of the verbs cruelly abused by journalists and loose speakers generally. As a correspondent of the Boston "Herald" points out, a correct use of the word occurs in Herrick's lines:

*This, that, and ev'ry thicket
doth transpire,
More sweet than storax from
the sacred fire.*

But as a substitute for "happen," let us strike "transpire" out of our vocabulary.

Book reviewers have, in recent years, flattered as "suggestive" every book that they have not found "significant." Between them, these adjectives sweep the bookshelf clean; a back reviewer needs only half a dozen adverbs with which to garnish them, and he is equipped for his trade. Reviewers and editorial writers alike have of late overworked other excellent adjectives in the monosyllable "sane" and the omnipresent qualifier "virile." But it is not single words, rather stereotyped combinations of words, that irritate the reader of rubber-stamp English. Harried and hurried newspaper reporters and the jaded person who officiates at the "rewrite desk" are guilty of a great deal of stale repetition, and one wishes that such phrases as "gallant fire laddies," for firemen, and "wee sma' hours," and "dull, sickening thud," and "minions of the law," and "leader of public opinion," and a score more might be excised once and for all time. Words are like fruits; however juicy they are to start with, they dry up after you have sucked and sucked. That is why slang (and poetry) are born—and save the language.



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Fugitive and Judas

(Continued from page 18)

y'd sholy recall one winter you and me rode the same hawse to school."

The red-haired man turned abruptly and went out. He refused to enter the barn again, and rode off to notify a deputy sheriff, leaving the man with the harelip on guard in front. The outlaw lay inside, alone.

IT was dark in Balaam's barn, and there was a smell of hay and cattle. Calves came up and stopped to stare at the man lying on the floor. Through a crack in the wall the outlaw saw yellow fields and dewberry vines on which the leaves had begun to redden.

The outlaw threw himself against his ropes. His heart strained like a terrified horse. There was a sensation of strangling in his throat. But all was in vain. He lay still again.

A little door opened softly and Balaam White entered. He came to where his friend lay—a long corn knife in his hand. "I reckon this hyah's a crime, Ally," he said; and stooping, began to cut the ropes.

The outlaw found himself free in a moment. He rose and stood swaying from side to side—for his ankles were numbed by the cords which had bound them. "Balaam"—he began, huskily—"I called you 'Judas'; I suspectioned you. I cayn't find wo'ds to ask yo' forgiveness; but if I forget what you've done for me, may the Almighty—"

His voice broke. And Balaam's soft one resumed: "Git away from here now, Ally. I reckon you'll be wantin' to see yo' wife this mornin'. Ef y'll git started right away, y'll git by the ford all right—there's no one ther now to watch."

"But when you-uns gits up to the cabin whuh yo' wife is, I wisht you-uns'd wait ther for me to come. I'd lak pow'ful well to meet you at the cabin en ride piece way with you. I—ther's somethin' I been a-layin' off to say to you-uns. Y'll wait up ther for me?" he added sharply.

HIS tone stirred an instant's suspicion in the wary Spencer's mind. The outlaw hesitated. But he remembered what Balaam had done for him. "I'll wait up at the cabin, tell you come," he promised.

Then he slid from the main floor of the barn to the horse's stalls and went out by the little rear door. He crept on hands and knees through the stable lot.

Beyond it was a field of late corn, on the edge of which morning-glories were growing, the pink ones very crisp, the purple thick and soft like velvet. Over these he crept so cautiously that he did not crush a blossom, and entered the field where a huge black snake hung downward, its tail wrapped about a stalk.

After a time he heard voices, and knew the red-haired man had returned. "You-uns'll see the inside of jail for this, Balaam White. It's a penitentiary crime!" The outlaw plunged farther into the corn. In the rustling of it, the man's words became inaudible. At last he pulled himself from this silken field into a pasture.

Balaam's wife was there—weeping; now and then, to vent her sorrow, crushing one rough hand within another. Her feet were bare; the ragged bonnet dangled around her neck. At the cabin below, her little children were waking and coming out to see what was going on.

THE outlaw came noiselessly behind her and laid his hand on her arm. She began to scream, but checked herself when he ordered—"Be still!"

"Listen here!" he resumed, fiercely. "I'm going up the mountain to see my wife once more—my wife, Olie, and the baby I ain't set eyes on sence it was born. If anybody tries to stop me from that, I'm liable to kill 'em!" He dropped to a gentler tone. "But you don't need to cry that way. When I've seen my wife, I'll go down to the county seat and give myself up. You hear? They won't 'rest Balaam if they get me. You know if I'd leave him suffer for savin' me."

"Now I'm goin'. I 'lowed I'd meet him up ther to Olie's cabin. 'Stid o' that, I'll go down to town to-night. En I know they'll turn him loose even if they've 'rested him."

The last time he looked back at her, the woman had not moved, but was staring after him with reddened eyes.

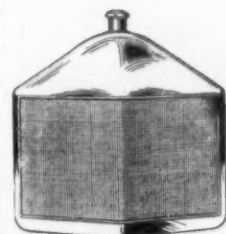
There was no one near the ford which had been so carefully watched by the



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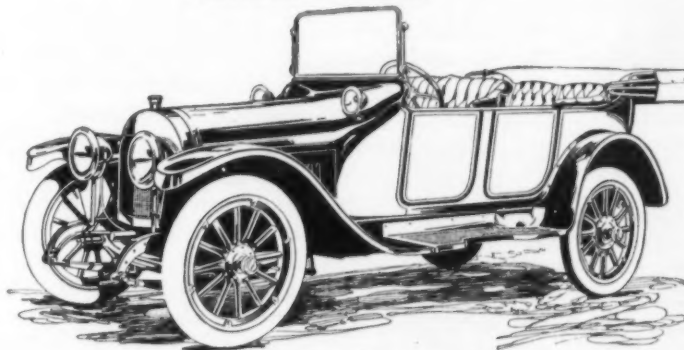
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man with the harelip. Escape, which had seemed impossible, had suddenly become easy. It seemed to Spencer that the cruelty of the world was turned from him to be vented on Balaam. For his friend, he knew, there would be no mercy and no possibility of escape, because that fellow left on guard in front had seen him enter the barn.

THE outlaw climbed rapidly toward his wife's home. He came upon a trap in which one of her brothers had caught a young squirrel. Hearing footsteps, the little thing covered in full expectation of death; and when the outlaw thrust in his hand, it made a foolish attempt to burrow into the floor of the trap. The outlaw felt the heart pounding between its ribs; he knew how that hurt. Then he set it free, and stood watching till it disappeared among the leaves and young nuts on a walnut tree. At last he turned for a long look down the mountain.

There was a hot sun, but the wind was cool. Bobwhites were calling and showing speckled feathers in the cropped fields. High on the hazy, steel-blue air, a turkey buzzard lay floating.

Viola sat on the porch of her father's cabin. He pushed on, guided by the shining of the sun on her fair hair, till he could see its soft knot in the back, where little curled wisps hung down. Her neck, bent so that her chin touched the child she held, was very white with that purity which belongs to clouds, to marble, to dead faces, and newly made mothers. There was a tiny cry, which gave place to a whimper. Then he heard murmurs of delight. At last he could see her faint golden freckles and the blue veins on her temples and breast; but he made so little noise she thought it was a bird stirring the branches. With one hand she caressed the dark fuzz on the head of his child.

"Olie—"

SHE started and looked into the green and gold toward the voice; then she rose quietly, the child at her breast—moved slowly across the porch and scanned the mountain road. "Mammy!" she called to the old woman within. "Ally's up yander in the bresh. You-uns watch that ar road to the back."

Then, as she returned to him: "Hit's all right, Ally," she called. "You-uns c'n come down now." She was very quiet, but he saw her heart beating under the calico.

"Looks lak hit's ben so long!" she breathed, her face against his breast. "Ally, y' 'lowed to take me with y' nex' time y' come. Take us—me and the baby. I'd rather be up yander in the woods with you than any place short of heaven. En I 'low I'd be heap safer thar; because, come night, ef you-uns wuz safe en right thar by me, I wouldn't worry myself—an', Ally, this worryin' about you, it's liable to kill me."

Concealed by the close-growing vines was a path leading to the mountain top, where he had built a hut. He looked that way, like a deer down a shady trail.

"They call you a lawbreaker en a awful sinner," crooned Viola, rubbing his shoulder with her cheek. "I reckon that are Job Jassup, he's counted law-abidin'. Yet he guv his wo'd to you, en all the while he wuz a-layin' off to give y' over to the law. I 'lowed when I heahd how he broke his wo'd en tried to trap y': 'Let alone takin' blood money, Ally'd rather die then break his wo'd to a friend.'"

They sat down together. "Olie," he began, "I guv my wo'd to a friend this mo'nin'—to Balaam White, or rather to his wife. I vowed to do what'll come hard for you to know."

Viola had not heard. Rising, she thrust the child into his arms, which thrilled him as the little thing, half asleep, tried to hide from the strong light against his body.

SHE crushed a stick insect with her foot. "That ar devil's darnin' needle!" she muttered. "Looks lak they never wuz so many as now. But mebbe hit seems that way, owin' to hevin' a baby to think fur." She spoke with a slightly important air. "I reckon a person wouldn't never forgive theirself, noway, ef one o' them things got to a baby en sewed up its little years. But if this baby turns out deaf, hit won't be my fault—I tromps on every darnin' needle I can see."

"You-uns jest hol' him awhile, Ally."

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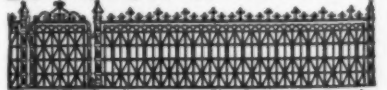
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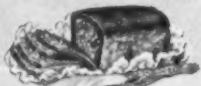
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When y' git us up yander in the bresh, y'll have to do a heap o' nursin'—might as well commence."

Again the outlaw tried to tell his story. "Olie—when I come up to see you and the baby, I guv my wo'd to go back."

HIS heart failed him, he could not tell her where he must go. After a time the child was asleep, and they went together to lay it down inside.

"Olie, if they-all should get me befo' long—"

"Sh!" She drew him back to the porch.

There she laid both palms against his breast and thrust him a little away from her to look into his face. "Don't say lak that to me. They cayn't git you while I set here en pray. I pray all day. En nighttimes when I wake with the baby—"

Her air of importance returned as she remarked: "He taken right smart wait-in' on last week."

"Nights when I'm awake," she resumed, "I look up the mountain to whar you are en I pray. I 'low they cayn't git you. The good Lord knows, all you done was fight for yo' life lak any yother man would. En the good book says: 'Trest in the Lord en keep yo' rifle fild.' Y' cayn't go agin the Bible."

Suddenly she flung both arms about his neck. "Take me with you, Ally, up thar in the bresh. Take me to-day."

He said nothing, and she laughed—sure of her empire over the man. "I reckon you ain't p'ticular whether I'm thar or not!" After bringing her lips almost to his, she suddenly turned, to hide her face on his arm. Laughing with her, he lifted it by force and kissed it. Then he held her to him savagely and forgot all of life except the beating of her heart against his.

"I'll take you to-day!" he cried. "And once I get you up thar I won't leave you go—forever en ever." A cloud went over the sun; she looked up at him, blinking as if from strong light.

"All the devils in hell can't part us, Olie!"

"Fer the angels of God es on our side!" she cried, triumphant. "Hit's the devil that sets men on to hunt you—a man that never done no crime er broke go' wo'd to a friend."

THE outlaw suddenly remembered his promise to Balaam's wife. He was not like the birds and wolves; mightier than any rope or iron were the unseen things that bound his spirit.

After a little his wife said in a changed voice: "Sumthin's wrong, Ally; you-uns ain't giv me to know all."

He told her of his vow to go down to the county seat.

It was by this time afternoon. For an hour she clung to him, weeping. She begged him not to go to the county seat—had he yielded to her she would never have loved him again in the same way.

't about four o'clock he put her arms aside and started down the mountain.

The sun had set before he reached the ford. He passed the shack at the river's brink, but saw nothing of the man with the harelip. The front window of Balaam's cabin was a square of reddish light, across which bobbed the heads of children. He could hear Balaam's bulldog at the barn as he went by on the other side of the river.

When he had traveled halfway to the county seat—and the moon was up, swinging free, like a fire balloon—he began to hear horses behind him, and stepped into the shadow of some papaw trees to avoid observation. He saw two men ride up—their figures he could not distinguish. They took the left fork of the road.

So the outlaw chose the right; but a few miles farther on he heard them again on his trail. He laid a hand on the revolver Viola had given him, spurred his horse on, and heard no more of his pursuers till he neared the county seat.

HERE, on the wild side of the river, he paused. The worthless fruits of the woods were ripe; he filled his nostrils with the scent of things that are never found in gardens, but grow wild like poetry. Some little animal started before him and flashed away—a joyous escape—into the dark.

Before him, blinking on the other side of the river, lay the town. From the bridge a road, which became on its way a street with a board walk and cobblestones, wound past the courthouse and the jail. "I reckon Balaam's ther now."

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he said aloud. "But I know, ef I talk with Sam Hope, he'll leave him go befo' they git a charge made against him. Balaam'll be free to-morrow."

STILL he lingered on the free side of the river. It was but a distant gray shadow—the jail in which his three condemned companions were to count off, day by day, three months or so; they would leave that jail but once. The outlaw lifted his head; his pursuers were again near. So he turned into a bridge path by the river to wait till they should pass. "Hit's that ar red-headed houn'!" he guessed, muttering to himself as he waited in shadow. "I'll give my freedom for Balaam, but may the Lord hear me—that ar red dawg, he shan't make no money out'n me."

The sassafras sprouts that had closed after him were still quivering when his two pursuers reached the place. One entered the bridge to wait—it was Balaam White.

The other followed Spencer from the road down the bridge path. And when the outlaw turned to face him the moon, coming through some thin bushes, showed distinctly a big, slow body and a dull, familiar face with a barellip.

"You-uns hol' yo' han's up!" ordered the man with the barellip. The outlaw glanced at the revolver pointed his way, but paid no attention to his command.

"You-uns 'lowed y' got clar away, I reckon!" proceeded the man of the barellip. "Y' 'lowed when y' got a-holt o' Balaam's fodder knife en cut yo' ropes y' giv us the ha-ha."

WHAT was odd about this speech was that it sounded as if learned by rote from a brighter man. As Spencer considered the matter he continued to disregard his captor's orders. Still he made no move to defend himself; he sat as if bewildered. Especially significant was the term "fodder knife"—the tool was usually called "cawn knife." "Who says 'fodder knife'?" reflected the wary Spencer.

"Hol' yo' han's up!" repeated the man with the barellip.

"Balaam White giv y' the words to say to me." The outlaw spoke slowly as his understanding came.

"No, no!" cried the dull man—caught in his lie while he told it—and stopped foolishly. "I knowed it—he tuk the hammer spring out'n my gun so as he could 'rest me. I knowed it that minute; but when he set me free I 'lowed, 'Balaam, I wronged you-uns!' En all the while he set me free so as he could 'rest me hissef en take the money. Balaam would take blood money for me!" It was the cry of the duped and forsaken.

His captor had always feared the Spencers, but he took courage from that broken and helpless cry. "You-uns hol' yo' han's up," he triumphed, "er I'll shoot you lak a dawg."

The outlaw softly asked: "What for would I put my hands up? I ain't armed; Balaam ruinf my gun." Suddenly he became stiff and motionless on his horse. "There's the red-headed skunk now," he remarked, looking down the path

HIS companion cried out in alarm and dropped his weapon to his side.

"Thow that gun down," ordered the outlaw as he jerked forth his own. "There ain't nobody in the path. I tol' y' a lie a-purpose. But y' g'n yersef away en Balaam away, en I'm going to kill y' both fer it—y' hear me? Y' ain't in with that ar pink whiskers. He come thier to the barn en spild Balaam's plan to 'rest me, so Balaam set me free, en you-uns let me git off over the ford."

"Now you-uns peck up that gun en give it heah. Ef it's made so as it'll go off, you might hit somebody when you was aimin' at a squirrel." He leaped from his horse, received the revolver, and struck the other man with it repeatedly till he went down, whimpering, on the muddy bank.

"Lay still," commanded the outlaw. "I reckon I'll shoot in a minute. I'd lak real well to do another murder—cayn't hang me but once noway. How much did Balaam alm to git fer his share?"

"It were half mine, half his'n," whined the man with the barellip.

"En when that yother skunk rid off to tell the deppities en claim his money, you en Balaam put yo' halds together—a-makin' mighty nigh one hald lak yother folks's. What did y' tell Pinky when he got back—huh?"

"It wuz Balaam's notion, Ally. He made that yellow man believe y' cut yo' ropes with a cawn knife, en first the yother man 'lowed he'd hev the law on Balaam, en then he come to believe him. En Balaam 'lowed I should lie fer him. It wuz all Balaam's notion."

"It sholy wuz—you-uns never had no notions. But I cayn't sca'cely look over Balaam sending sech a cabbage head to lie to me. He 'lowed I'd believe y', did he? He 'lowed I'd never know what he done. He 'lowed I'd die on the gallows, a-thinkin' he—tried—to save me." He paused, quivering. "The Judas! The God-forgotten, lyin' Judas."

Suddenly rage let go of him. With a peal of laughter, high-pitched, triumphant, he sprang to his saddle. "Lay where y' are. I cayn't waste no powder on snakes."

He then rode away, softly up the grassy path, out where he could see Balaam waiting alone on the bridge. Without a second look toward the traitor, he turned into a thicket and so reached the road to the top of the mountain.

THE sun was rising when he reached the hut he had made on Black Knob. Like all homes of wild things, it so closely imitated the surrounding rocks and foliage as to be invisible from a short distance.

More like the wild beasts than before, he had reached the point where he trusted but one living creature—his mate. Her he would bring some day to this den in the rocks.

A deer ran away through the thicket. A wild cat glared at him from a dark tree. These also were of value to the covetous, and the manner of their end was certain—no really wild thing but comes at last to a violent death. Meanwhile life was sweet; food—sleep—the love of the mate—all took a sting of delight from danger.

The man's life would end like theirs. Some day—perhaps when he had grown to feel secure—his den would be surrounded by deputy sheriffs and he would fall, bleeding, across its doorway.

MEANWHILE life was his own. Fletcher had called him a poet. An epic, wild and glorious, swept his soul. Too big for any pen or instrument of music, it was what mocking birds try to say, flinging themselves in ecstasy toward heaven. The man's being vibrated as this song of freedom, the music of all wild life, went through him. The sounding board within—that human spirit, that infinity—made it too loud and sweet to be borne. Overcome with joy of living, he flung himself down among the ferns and pressed his face to the fragrant face of the earth.

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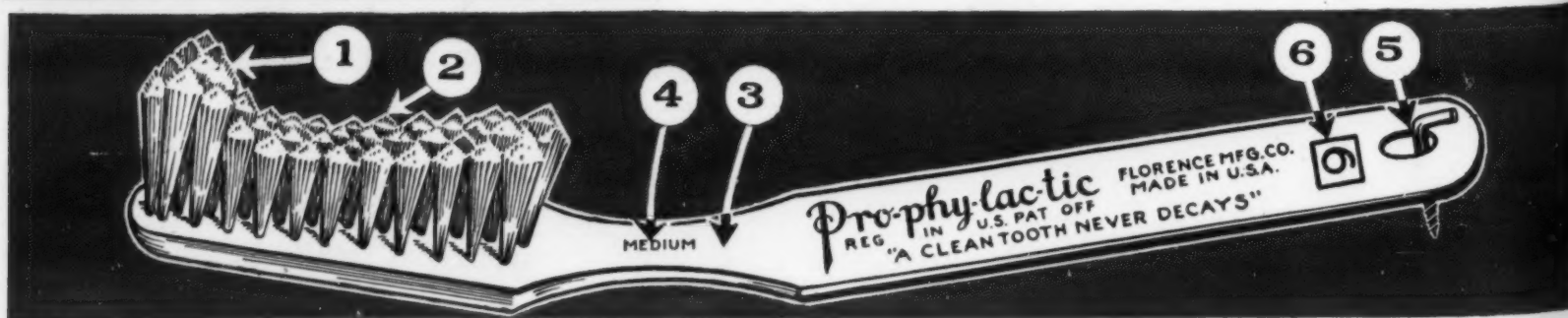
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- 5 The hole in the handle and the hook on which to hang the brush.
- 6 The use of symbols to mark individual brushes, so that each person may always recognize his own tooth brush.
- 7 The sanitary yellow box that brings your tooth brush clean, untouched by any hand since it left our sanitary factory. Another big step in advance—originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.



26